THE FRENCH ELECTIONS ALEXANDER WERTH

THE NATION

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Strategy Backfires

The GOP in the South

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

'We Care' in Kansas **THE NONPROFESSIONALS REVOLT** ALEX EFTHIM

THE COOL CZECHS JIRI MUCHA

CITIES WITHIN CITIES EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Root of Vietnamese Resistance JONATHAN MIRSKY

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LETTERS

objection sustained

Cannon Air Force Base, N.M.

DEAR SIRS: Carl Cohen's lucid and persuasive case for the "selective" conscientious objector may have a sympathetic audience in readers of *The Nation,* but it shall continue to go unheeded in the Congress. ["A Man May Choose: The Case for Selective Pacifism," July 8.]

Recognition of Selective C.O. shall probably come in the courts on the ground that discrimination against the *content* of religious belief (in the expanded *Seeger* sense) is in violation of the First Amendment. There is one other possibility upon which Mr. Cohen too hastily shuts the door: in the opinion of one U.S. Court of Appeals, *in any form* modifies *participation,* not *war.*

Dale E. Noyd

Captain Noyd is a court-martialed selective objector, now in confinement. *Editor*

Bryan's quality

Dallas, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: In Robert Sherrill's piece ["Hubert Humphrey: The Illusion of Change," *The Nation,* June 24] he refers to William Jennings Bryan as lacking all the qualities of a statesman. I wouldn't argue this point, but he did have one quality which many so-called statesmen lack. When he couldn't support the policy of his President he resigned. When Woodrow Wilson sent his second note to Germany over the sinking of the *Lusitania,* Bryan resigned as Secretary of State, stating that he thought this would lead the country into war. There have been situations since when high-placed officials would have served their country better had they followed Bryan's lead.

Carl Brannin

Democratic alternative

Evanston, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Gathering signatures for McCarthy is not enough. The pledge must go further. As a former editor of the Evanston Regular Democratic Organization Newsletter I am obligated to aid in wresting control of our party from those who have corrupted it.

I must pledge and I do pledge that I will not vote for a renegade liberal. I will not vote for voluble Hubert. In the face of the ultimate horror, Richard Nixon as President, I will not vote for Hubert. I want to be a member of the Democratic Party, not a victim of it.

If the decision is agonizing, the times make it so. We are told that Humphrey's record in the past was better than McCarthy's in the past. Very well. Then the Humphrey of the past would gain my vote. The Humphrey of today turns me to McCarthy.

Jack Korshak

review, please

Elizabeth, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: Allen Lacy's "review" of Miguel de Unamuno's *Our Lord Don Quixote* ["Unamuno: A Sense of Isolation," *The Nation,* June 24] is a good example of the "nonreview." Lacy gives some insights into Unamuno's life, thought and character but no insight into the book . . . . What are Unamuno's major points? What are his interpretations? In what way do the latter differ from the interpretations of other commentators on *Don Quixote*? . . .

George P. Marks III

EDITORIALS

The Double Vacuum

Because of special circumstances, both parties are apparently saddled with front runners who are strong with the party regulars but not notably popular with the voters. Both front runners are aware of their weaknesses outside the fold. Nixon showed his uneasiness when he whistled General Eisenhower from a sickbed to give him an endorsement—which the confirmed Nixon followers do not need and which will not convince others. Hubert Humphrey shows the same anxiety in his courting of the Robert Kennedy entourage and his overeagerness to capture Edward Kennedy as his running mate. For both front runners the problem is identical, but the answer eludes both.

In the polls, Humphrey's stock stays about the same and so does Nixon's. Humphrey is boxed in by his identification with Johnson, which he can neither repudiate nor justify; Nixon is boxed in by his well-deserved reputation for opportunism and cageyness and his reluctance to get into a discussion that would reveal his weaknesses. He has been able thus far to maintain an "above the battle" stance largely because of Rockefeller's hesitancy in going after the nomination until long after Romney's withdrawal. Nixon's fans say that he is "saving the good stuff" until after the convention, but suppose there *isn't* any good stuff?

The pressure against Humphrey and Nixon comes mainly from outside their respective parties. Everyone knows that the popular candidates are Rockefeller and McCarthy, who, if nominated, would draw forth a record national vote, but are handicapped for the nomination by the opposition of party regulars and a feeling on the part of many outsiders that the conventions are stacked against them. Despite their prominence, and Rockefeller's immense resources, both men are in a sense outsiders themselves, at least so far as the party insiders are concerned. Yet the reluctance of the voters to go along with the insiders' choice exerts a sizable pressure; after all, the insiders want not only to nominate their man but to win the election. They may be able to steamroller the opposition now, but what about November?

There is another outside factor: Wallace. This demagogue's pressure is exerted on both parties but more particularly on the GOP. While he has not gained spectacularly, Wallace's support, perhaps in the neighborhood of 10 million votes, is large enough to threaten to throw the election into the House of Representatives—which no one but Wallace wants.

The GOP strategy has flopped in the South (see Robert G. Sherrill's article, page 75 in this issue). In advance of the 1964 campaign the GOP started out to build itself up in the South on the basis of racism, of being more segregationist than the Democrats, the traditional party of Southern segregation. This strategy culminated in the nomination of Goldwater. Now Wallace has made a shambles of this maneuver; here the GOP hurts worse than the opposition.

However, the double vacuum creates the possibility (it

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is no more than that but it cannot be ruled out) of a double miracle. If Rockefeller should break through in Miami, it would help McCarthy in Chicago. Only McCarthy could make a tough race of it against Rockefeller. The more the GOP strategists study the situation, contemplating the Wallace threat and Nixon's inability to make it with intellectuals, Negroes, independents, some ethnic groups, labor, et al., the more reluctant they may be to put their money and their political future on such a basically weak candidate.

The dilemma facing the regulars of both parties, which may upset all the early calculations, is shown not only by these general observations but by the signs and portents that keep cropping up. When a shrewd politician like Governor Rhodes urges Lindsay for Vice President, the confusion among the Republican leaders is clearly revealed. Rhodes is calling on Lindsay to save the party, while the Humphrey camp looks for salvation to Edward Kennedy. But divine help is not to be found in either of these expedients. What is open to the controllers of both parties is the nomination of their strongest man. In both cases the voters have told them unmistakably who that is.

The 'No Chance' Candidate

It is thus that *U.S. News & World Report* refers to Eugene McCarthy, immediately adding a big BUT and going on to say that "regardless of what comes of his White House bid, Eugene McCarthy has already changed the shape of American politics for this year." Anyone who has been able to do that deserves respect—and most of all, one would think, the respect of the former supporters of Robert Kennedy, who were wont to say that their man and McCarthy adhered to the same principles, on that basis urging McCarthy to yield gracefully to Kennedy. Now that Kennedy is dead, one might have expected his followers to go over en masse to McCarthy, but politics is not that simple, nor usually that principled.

Instead, a section of the Kennedy backers have implied that they are interested in someone like Sen. George McGovern, to displace McCarthy and Humphrey and so resolve the contest which has riven the Democratic Party and threatens to disrupt it further. Now Senator McGovern is a good friend of *The Nation*. He was one of the principal speakers at our Los Angeles conference in February, 1967, along with Senator McCarthy. We have the highest regard for him. But McCarthy is the candidate, the fight has been waged for him, the investment in money and manpower and enthusiasm is in him, and such efforts are diversionary. In the same category are attempts to fly a kite for someone like Tom Watson of IBM and, even further out, flirtations with Rockefeller.

This brings us to the outlines of a major phenomenon: Why is a section—it is only a section—of the Robert Kennedy entourage so opposed to McCarthy? Galbraith, Sutton, Goodwin, Nickerson, Bickel and others have supported McCarthy with energy and enthusiasm. Another faction, however, appears to be obdurately opposed.

The explanations offered by the pundits, columnists, inside-trackers, et al., do not explain very much. What

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they come down to is personal animosities of one kind or another, which surely do little credit to those who harbor them in a situation as difficult and dangerous as that which now confronts the country.

One is told that the two Kennedys never liked McCarthy, that McCarthy was tactless in not visiting the hospital on the night or morning of the assassination (is it customary to obtrude oneself on the family and friends of a dying man?), that he did not send congratulatory messages after Nebraska and Indiana, that he campaigned too hard in Oregon and California, that he doesn't understand power, that he runs a limp organization, etc. None of these objections has enough substance to call for rebuttal.

It is perhaps significant, also, that such objections are voiced most strongly by those Kennedy backers who did their utmost to keep Robert Kennedy out of the race. Maybe this was good advice (events have proved it so, in a fortuitous sense), but Robert wanted to run and it was McCarthy's candidacy that enabled him to run. He never had any reason to suppose that McCarthy would then step aside, so what, really, was McCarthy's offense? And if it is, groundlessly, construed as an offense, what makes it so unforgivable?

The Nation shares Alexander M. Bickel's sentiments, expressed in an eloquent communication in *The New Republic* (July 20, 1968). Robert Kennedy declared his candidacy because he saw what was at stake and could no longer remain out of the action, once McCarthy had set the example. The same reasons that impelled Robert Kennedy to make his bid should now impel his followers to rally around the McCarthy standard—not because of McCarthy personally but for the things he stands for.

As for drafting Edward Kennedy as Humphrey's running mate, the idea is inherently distasteful, and probably will strike the Senator in that light. It would be a wretched memorial to Robert.

One of the oddest features of the campaign is the failure of the media, by and large, to "dig" McCarthy. One suspects that they don't want to, that rationality and honesty somehow rub them the wrong way. But McCarthy ambles along in his quiet way, artfully and skillfully needling his opposition, making very few boners, showing a fine sense of timing and an instinct for the right word.

All the while, the lovers of phony drama complain that McCarthy is not emotional enough, that he doesn't tear a passion to tatters as a politician should. Yet he keeps gaining in the polls. His chances are, as Mary McGrory says, "preposterous," yet "excellent." Maybe those who thought him too good for the American people will be proved wrong after all. But if so, he will owe little to those followers of Robert Kennedy who kept their backs turned on him.

'Black Hired Hands'

A series of articles titled "The Black Athlete," appearing in *Sports Illustrated* magazine throughout July and written by Jack Olsen, has shaken the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP). Blunt charges were made that black athletes at the school were being used as "black hired hands . . . and the matter of their education ranked a distant second."

As if to confirm this powerful indictment, the school has canceled the scholarships of eleven black track members who boycotted a meet with a Mormon school, Brigham Young University. In a statement, the black athletes explained: "We . . . feel that the coach should have been more sympathetic toward us . . . concerning our feelings toward the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King [and that] our participating should not include the B.Y.U. meet because of [the Mormon] beliefs that the blacks are inferior and that we are disciples of the devil."

There were other reasons for grave dissatisfaction among all black athletes at UTEP. There was the matter of the difficulties black athletes encountered in obtaining summer jobs for themselves and regular jobs for their wives, while white athletes and their wives were easily employed. There was the repeated use of the term "nigger" by a member of the athletic department, and the coach's reference in a letter to the action of one track member as an "animal response." There was the fact that black athletes have no social life; they are wildly cheered while they "perform" and thereafter quickly isolated.

Following the cancellation of their scholarships, the track members learned through a friendly intermediary that the coach was waiting for an apology. The intermediary inferred that such action would help the now dire situation of the blacks, who had been recruited and courted from as far away as Watts and Harlem. In a cop-out (but an understandable one) the blacks—faced with the splicing of their very future—apologized not only to the coach but to B.Y.U. Even so, no change in policy was effected.

At least six of the students are determined to resume in September the education they were promised. To help insure their enrollment, concerned faculty members and students at the university have created the Disassociated Students Fund (Box 101, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Tex.). So far the results are dismal. Out of an estimated $3,000 needed, only $200 has been raised. The drive has been greeted with granite indifference on the part of the city's intellectually balding businessmen, upset over the bogy of Black Power. (Highly illogical in a school where only 250 out of 10,000 are black!)

By surrealistic contrast, the budget for the UTEP athletic department—which an all-black starter team boosted when it gave the school the NCAA basketball championship—is currently $870,000.

The Priority of Profits

The Santa Monica Mountain range, which winds for 30 miles through the heart of Los Angeles, is a priceless scenic asset. A 9-mile stretch of this range—between West Los Angeles and the seacoast—is thinly populated and thus is a rich prize for big landowners who are thirsting to develop the area. All they want is complete cooperation from the city and county of Los Angeles and from the state. The assistance they will get from generous public officials if the pending legislation goes through will be overwhelm-

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ing. The state proposes to build a six-to-eight-lane freeway along the crest of the mountains, at a cost estimated between $15 million and $30 million. The state will pay 70 per cent, the city and county 30 per cent, the landowners nothing. The beautiful two-lane road now winding along the top of the mountains to the shore does not give sufficient access to meet the land speculators' demands.

A roaring freeway across the mountain tops would end all hope for an adequate regional park, long proposed for the area. Sponsors of the park, in their innocence, wanted to set aside 20,000 acres. Their hopes were high when in 1964 California voters approved a $150 million bond issue for acquisition and development of land for state parks. It was expected that perhaps as much as $80 million would be available for a park in the Santa Monica range. But four years of pressure by the private developers took their predictable toll; only $8 million is now available for the project, and prospects for a 20,000-acre park have gone glimmering. If it is ever created, the park will be about 3,500 acres; even this will be split into two locations.

Every citizens' group that has examined the freeway project is against it but their pleas have been brushed aside, while spokesmen for the speculators and the massive highway-construction industry have received obsequious attention from public officials.

The imminent destruction of this wilderness area of the Santa Monica Mountains is comparable to the sabotage of the proposed 64,000-acre Redwood National Park in California. That figure, voted by the Senate, was cut to only 28,400 acres by the House of Representatives—and of this 18,000 acres are already in state parks. "This is really not a national park at all," said Rep. Jeffrey Cohelan of California. "It is an appendage in search of a purpose. It fails to include many of the best stands and cannot be protected with any assurance." The House measure now goes to a Senate-House conference committee, but it would be hopelessly optimistic to believe that the committee will restore the 36,000 acres to help save what remains of the majestic redwoods.

A public official caught with his hand in the till is cast into outer darkness, but money is only money and can be replaced. Such a crime is insignificant compared to the legal looting of our natural resources, which are irreplaceable.

PHIL KERBY

The Test of Consistency

On February 3, 1940, the American Civil Liberties Union adopted a resolution whose effect was to require the personnel of governing committees and staff to be subject to "the test of consistency in the defense of civil liberties in all aspects and all places." The Union deemed it "inappropriate for any person to serve on the governing committees of the Union or its staff who is a member of any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country, or who by his public declarations indicates his support of such a principle. Within this category we include organizations in the United States supporting the totalitarian governments of the Soviet Union and of the Fascist and Nazi countries (such as the Communist Party, the German-American Bund and others); as well as native organizations with obvious anti-democratic objectives or practices." Adopted a decade before the onset of McCarthyism, the resolution had a rather widespread influence. If the ACLU thought such a statement proper and necessary, it was said, then trade unions, professional associations and other groups would be justified in adopting similar or even stronger "tests of consistency." (The background of the controversy is illuminated in *The Trial of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn by the American Civil Liberties Union*, edited by Corliss Lamont, which will be published September 9 by Horizon Press.)

SUMMER SCHEDULE

Until the end of August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated August 19 and August 26.

Within the last few years, the ACLU wisely decided to re-examine the 1940 resolution. A special committee was appointed to study the matter and in March, 1967, it recommended that an Objects Clause (Section Two) be placed in the constitution:

> The object of the American Civil Liberties Union shall be to maintain and advance civil liberties, including the freedom of association, press, religion and speech, and the rights to franchise, to due process of law, and to equal protection of the laws for all people throughout the United States and its possessions. The Union's objects shall be sought wholly without political partisanship.

The Special Committee further recommended that the 1940 resolution be supplanted by a statement that officers and staff members be "unequivocally committed to the objectives of this Union" as set forth in the Objects Clause. But instead of proceeding on this basis, the ACLU in May, 1968, adopted a compromise statement (Section 7-D): "All persons who are members of the national Board of Directors, the National Committee or the board of an affiliate (or chapter), or a committee or other agency of any of the above, and all persons who are members of any staff, shall be unequivocally committed to the objects of this Union as set forth in Section Two, above, and to the concept of democratic government and civil liberties for all people."

At the same time, a second and longer statement was adopted which, after several recitals, states: "Therefore, be it resolved that the interpretation of the requirement stated in Section 7-D should be understood to preclude support of those principles which reject or qualify individual liberties and minority rights for all people equally, regardless of race, sex, religion or opinion, or which reject or qualify the freedoms associated with the forms and processes of political democracy."

So what started out as a wise determination to remove the 1940 resolution, and replace it with the sensible statement recommended by the Special Committee in 1967, has resulted in the substitution for the 1940 resolution of two statements which compromise rather than settle the question of principle. For example, isn't it possible, in the

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context of 1968 events, for a person to have grave reservations about the forms and processes of political democracy as we see them in action, and yet be genuinely devoted to civil liberties? In other words, has not the Union, in a commendable effort to extricate itself from the ideological trap of the 1940 resolution, now set the stage for further controversy?

What it comes down to is this: "The test of consistency" is determined by what a person does or fails to do in support of civil liberties, not by his acquiescence in vague general propositions which are put to him *beforehand.* The ACLU is a splendid organization; on issues of this sort what it does, the stand it takes, becomes a model for other organizations. For this reason we are delighted that the 1940 resolution has been removed, but we hope that there will be another round of discussion within the organization and that it will eventually do what it set out to do in 1967—namely, rely on a simple, clear "objects" clause. We have never thought that loyalty or consistency could be pretested.

'WE CARE' IN KANSAS

THE NONPROFESSIONALS REVOLT

ALEX EFTHIM
Mr. Efthim has taught social action to anti-poverty nonprofessionals and is an adviser to several community development programs. He is a special projects coordinator at Mobilization for Youth, an anti-poverty program in New York City.

Topeka

On June 19, at 7 A.M.—as Solidarity Day was starting for 50,000 other poor people in Washington—more than sixty psychiatric aides and other "serfs of the Kansas mental hospital system" moved quietly into eight wards of the Topeka State Hospital and took "administrative and clinical control."

For nearly twelve hours the underpaid, overburdened workers kept control as their way of protesting the failure of the state mental hospitals to provide proper patient care and meet their union's demands. They are members of the Kansas Health Workers Union, Local 1271, American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO. It is the same international union that represented the workers during the Memphis sanitation strike in which Martin Luther King met his death.

Instead of withholding their labor by going on strike, the workers put on a "Hospital Improvement Action" under the slogan "We Care!" For twelve hours psychiatric aides—among the most highly skilled workers in the hospital system—created their model of how a hospital ward should be run.

Because they claim their work load is being increased to the neglect of patients, the aides put extra workers in each ward. Where one aide had serviced twenty to sixty-seven in a ward, they now brought in from four to ten workers into a ward. For the first time many patients were fed promptly, bathed quickly, and moved out into activities. When a patient got upset, instead of being forced into "Seclusion" because no one had time for him, "the aide sat down with the patient, found out what was bothering him, and did something specific about it," said one of the Improvers. Signs were posted: "This is A Union-Administered Ward." Leaflets were handed out. Doctors, psychologists, nurses and other professionals continued to function in their clinical roles.

At about 7:45 A.M., Dr. Alfred Bay, Topeka State Hospital superintendent, pulled out his Honorary Deputy Sheriff's badge and proceeded to "arrest" union president Emerson Stamps and six other union leaders. With security guards surrounding them, the astonished unionists were hustled off to the police station, where they were released. No charges were pressed against them. They came back to the hospital and continued the Improvement Action.

Just before 6 P.M. the same day, a "restraining order" from the Kansas Supreme Court was served on the unionists. They left the hospital. Forty-eight aides were suspended from their jobs, most of them for thirty days. Immediately fired was Dr. William Bronston, psychiatrist, an adviser to the union; also Andy Neria, a Mexican American leader. Later Dr. Bay announced he would fire all those who were guilty of "illegal activities," especially Emerson Stamps.

Thus began a most unusual union action: workers made the point that they were more concerned about proper patient care than were the Kansas authorities. In the weeks since the Improvement Action, they have proved to the community that patient care must begin with proper working conditions for the psychiatric aides and other nonprofessionals. The example of the Topeka Hospital Improvement Action initiated a precedent-setting strategy for workers in the field of human services. It highlighted the excruciating role of the nonprofessional; often, as with the psychiatric aides, he does professional work for the lowest pay. He is the key service worker; the condition of the service depends upon upgrading the job and providing him with training, a career ladder, higher pay and better working conditions.

But struggles which start on a high moral plane still must be fought out with economic power. Support for the union was sought in the Topeka community, in black ghettos throughout the state, among the hospital staff, and among New Careerists in other parts of the country. [New Careers is a movement, primarily in the fields of health, education, community development and welfare, to provide immediate entry to jobs for the poor and to give them the training and education needed to

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upgrade their status. The movement assumed organization form at the Detroit meeting referred to in this article. The new organization—National New Careers Council—includes the nonprofessionals as well as those professionals and administrators who support the new movement.] At the end of a three-week period, state authorities fired thirty-five union members. Then, and only then, did the union call a strike.

Picket lines were set up at the hospital gates. Scores of hospital workers, ministers, professionals, students and others have been arrested for carrying out the traditional duty of pickets: to close down a work place.

The unionists' actions have put pressure on the entire state establishment. State hospital doctors are protesting the conduct of Dr. Bay and other administrators. Gov. Robert Docking himself is on the spot. A Democrat running for re-election in a heavily Republican state, he is officially supported by Kansas organized labor.

Knowledgeable people believe many of the union-sponsored reforms will be won. For months before it acted, the union had patiently presented testimony, formed delegations and held limited demonstrations. It went to the administration of the Topeka State Hospital and its local satellite hospitals, the State Division of Institutional Management, the State Welfare Board, the Governor's Finance Council, his technical coordinators, and the Kansas House Ways and Means Committee. At some time or other, officials on most levels have agreed that mental health problems cannot be solved without improving the position of the aides. But others stand fast against the union "on principle."

Topeka is "the citadel of mental health" in America, home of the Menninger Foundation, which trains its resident doctors in the cluster of hospitals that comprise the Topeka state hospital system. Dr. Bay himself was brought in as part of a reform movement in the 1950s, but reform movements have backslid before. Meanwhile, the U.S. mental health movement goes forward, partly through more intensive personal care, the treatment of unlabeled mental conditions, the use of drugs, which also assists in outpatient care, community mental health centers, etc.

In spite of this increased understanding of the need for more human contact, Topeka's aides have been given more and more patients to "cover" in the ward. And also Topeka aides must help train resident doctors, take charge of wards, and carry out a multitude of expanding activities. "Seclusion" must often be the answer for an upset patient.

Some of the aides are more skilled than their doctors in ward work, yet their jobs are dead-ended. They cannot be promoted more than one grade. Starting at $242 per month, the average wage is $309, paid once a month. Two-thirds of the men work at two hospital jobs to raise a family. Three-fourths of them are black in a city that is 8 per cent black. Some of the best aides have such archaic job descriptions as "janitor" and "nurse's assistant." They get no compensated job training. There are no promotion guarantees. Many positions that become vacant remain unfilled in spite of the presence of qualified workers.

On June 19 the news media of Topeka—all owned by one man—described the Hospital Improvement Action as an insurrection, a rebellion, a take-over by angry underlings demanding an "impossible" 35 per cent pay increase. (This is the amount won by New York City hospital workers the following week.)

But community and professional support began to line up behind the powerful moral position of the union. Before forming a union, the aides had earlier joined with community leaders in the Topeka Citizens Alliance For Better Health Care. Now, as a union, the aides demanded nothing less than an overhauling of the patient care system: community control and union involvement in the management and policy making of state institutions. They called for a policy-making citizens' board, elected every two years, to oversee the State Division of Institutional Management. Also, the union demanded representation in the division on the State Civil Service Board and on the Executive Committees of the hospitals; union approval of hiring, firing and evaluation practices.

They demanded an in-service training program with a Career Ladder. With the aid of professionals they had set up their own union In-Service School three days before the Improvement Action began. Other demands are modest: a forty-hour week (instead of forty-two), an hour for lunch, a new set of job descriptions, and health benefits to include psychotherapy, to combat the mental illness which is their greatest occupational hazard.

They have asked for a two-year contract. Kansas has a Right to Work law. To sign a contract with a government service union, the state legislature must pass enabling legislation. Of course there is *de facto* recognition, memoranda of agreement and other transitional methods for getting union conditions adopted. But this union not only wants a contract; it demands that Governor Docking, Democrat in a Republican state, accept a hospital reform plan, written by health workers, for his platform in this year's election.

The Kansas Health Workers have taken over scientific as well as moral leadership of the badly needed mental health reform movement. The Wichita *Eagle* described the hospital situation bluntly, referring to the Improvement Action as a "strike":

> Disruptive or not, they and their strike may be the best thing that has happened to Kansas mental health hospitals recently.
>
> The strike dramatized a situation Kansas would much rather ignore. That is, we are putting far too little money into paying staffs for our state mental institutions. . . . We therefore have too few personnel. . . . And when it gets down to the lower echelons, like these aides, we keep them on wages below the poverty level. Yet aides are very important in the treatment of the mentally ill. They should be good people, and they should be paid decent wages.
>
> It's a good thing the aides are causing trouble. Maybe they'll make us face up to our responsibilities.

Community help has poured in. One of the largest churches in Topeka has opened its doors to the locked-out workers. Two meals a day have been served; meetings and rallies have been held nearly every night. Professionals have held their own meetings, reported in the press. Peti-

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tions and letters were signed by more than 200 of their colleagues. Letters have been printed regularly in the editorial pages, all supporting the workers.

Dr. Bronston, a co-founder of the union, wired medical service activists, human rights organizations, and the National Council on New Careers, then meeting in Detroit. New Careers people sent in a professional organizer, two Career Ladders specialists, psychologists and psychiatrists.

The extreme reaction to the union drive is illustrated by a staff meeting Dr. Bay called a week after he had suspended the unionists. At the meeting he ordered all nonprofessionals to be quiet, and declared that anyone in the room who sympathized with the union would be fired. This presumably included professionals who had favored the union on TV and the front pages the day before. One nonprofessional stood up, said "I resign," then spoke his piece. After the meeting, wheels moved within wheels, and somehow the nonprofessional's "resignation" was not recognized.

That evening, with Dr. Bay's approval, Dr. William S. Simpson, the new clinical supervisor and number-two man in the hospital, spoke to a union meeting. In the church hall crowded with unionists, community people and professionals, he stated his support for an increase in the aides' pay, but suggested they appeal to their state legislators for necessary funds (the legislature is not in session). Although friendly, he was clearly not taking the aides' position.

Specialists from the National Council On New Careers addressed Dr. Simpson. They called for a New Careers center in Topeka, for a complete training and upgrading program with outside funding, for a local Career Ladder that would go from Mental Health Worker 1 in twelve steps all the way up to Mental Health Worker 12. Since Kansas is supposed to be a leading state in mental health, it could therefore devise a model program for all fifty states.

The New Careerists are already providing technical material for a future New Careers program for Kansas mental health aides. The program will no doubt be devised by Topeka people. Its success would depend upon the unique labor-community-professional-activist coalition which evolved from the Topeka struggle.

But the basis of that coalition is still the union-community group, a small but determined band. For three weeks they kept an information picket line outside the hospital grounds, handed out leaflets, and spread their slogan "We Care!" throughout the city.

Sadly lacking at first was support from the State, County, Municipal Employees (AFSCME), the union that had finally gone in to help win the Memphis sanitation workers' strike. AFSCME's State Council 64 openly attacked the Topeka local. It is an unwritten rule in organized labor that International Headquarters rarely intercedes in a local struggle unless the District or State Council is involved. Headquarters support, so effective in Memphis, was absent in Topeka.

Therefore a conciliation meeting was set up between the Topeka Local, State Council 64, and top representatives from the 100,000-member Kansas State Federation of Labor. Mediators kept tempers at a minimum. The main outcome of this meeting was an agreement not to disagree in public. "Let's get our family together" was the sense of the meeting.

Thus a fragile coalition opened the gates to bring in the power of the international union. That power meant Bill Lucy, a black unionist, assistant director of legislative and community affairs, who had done such good work in Memphis. Lucy also brought in a rare expertise in community action. And just two days before, a new black community component had entered the struggle in full force.

Rev. James Bevel, the organizer from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, arrived for a rally, along with Heyward Henry of Boston, chairman of the Black Affairs Caucus of the Unitarian-Universalist Association. Also, black movement youth came from Wichita, Lawrence, Kansas City and other areas. The rally was a powerful emotional experience; it threw down the challenge. Not only were the unionists and the community ready to fight but so were other communities in other Kansas towns. Rev. Austin Harrold, a young Topeka minister of extreme directness, also spoke up. Quietly but firmly taking charge was Emerson Stamps, the union president.

The next day 400 unionists, community people, professionals and ministers, led by Emerson Stamps and Heyward Henry, marched to the state capitol steps. They chanted "Reinstate Us Now!" Inside, union leaders sat down with state authorities who again gave inconclusive answers. Two days later, the answer was conclusive: thirty-five unionists were fired. The strike began.

The strike is led by Emerson Stamps, 42 years old, a veteran of World War II, who went to work at the age of 13, but later completed two more years of high school. A mental health worker since 1948, he has had to hold two hospital jobs to raise his family of seven. His ability and commitment were described by a state hospital doctor: "What would make a man who has been one of the best psychiatric aides in the state for the past twenty years suddenly put his job on the line? Could people believe he doesn't care about his patients?"

Administrators, professionals and even politicians have been describing aides like Stamps for many months. Clayton Fribley, Republican chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, castigated mental health professionals for their lack of imagination in meeting their problems. Technicians attached to the mental health structures have suggested that, instead of raising money to get better professionals, perhaps the real need is to get mental health work out into the community. It has been strongly indicated that it would be cheaper and more efficient to train and upgrade aides for such jobs.

Recently, Stamps drove this reporter to his 85-year-old mother's house for breakfast. The old house reminded Stamps of something. "My dad was on the railroad, carbuilding for forty-seven years. He had the same job spec, the same pay category all the time. I've had the same job spec for fifteen years myself. No more!"

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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

The streets of Paris are unusually empty, with a substantial part of the population having gone away for their summer vacations. A month ago, people still talked about the "May 1968 Revolution." It was horrible in a way—all those beatings up of hundreds of students in the Latin Quarter by the CRS, the French riot police, one of the toughest in the world (not that there were no casualties among these, for smashing a cop's face with paving stones was one of the greatest joys of the young "revolutionaries"). Then there were the tear-gas grenades the cops used with great relish, as well as the "offensive bombs," which did not cause great bodily harm but went off with a terrific bang and were part of the government's psychological warfare—scare everybody to death. The tear-gas bombs were more serious: hundreds who got the full blast of them had their eyes injured badly, perhaps permanently.

There were five or six such full-dress riots in Paris in May, and the beatings of young people were truly sadistic; dozens, with their heads and faces smashed and with broken limbs, would be locked up for five, six, eight hours in police stations, without being allowed to receive even the most elementary medical care. Still, despite all these horrors, it can, at a pinch, be called a bloodless revolution; for only four or five people lost their lives in one way or another—for instance, the young schoolboy who, to escape the police batons, jumped into the Seine and was drowned, or the police inspector at Lyon who was deliberately crushed to death by a truck driven by a few rioters.

Perhaps only 1,000 or 2,000 students actually took part in the street fighting; the others can be divided into two groups—a great majority who more or less agreed with the "revolutionaries" that a complete overhaul of higher (and secondary) education in France was required, and those who were quite content with the *status quo*. These included a relatively small number who had good prospects of stepping into fine jobs after graduating, and who were upset by all the rioting which was likely to postpone their exams indefinitely—all the more so as a large part of the teaching staff, eager for fundamental educational reforms, had gone on strike and were refusing to deal with exams and exam papers.

The students' revolt might have petered out after a time but for one thing. By the second week in May practically the whole French working class, including the white collars, went on strike. It all started very suddenly at Sud-Aviation, the aircraft plant at Nantes, and then snowballed over the whole of France. Prime Minister Pompidou made important concessions at the Grenelle conference with the labor union leaders on May 20, but it was no good. *La base*—the working-class rank and file—rejected the Pompidou proposals, and asked for more.

General de Gaulle had not, it seems, taken the student riots very seriously at first. He cheerfully went off to Bucharest to preach there the Gaullist "doctrine" on Europe to students of Bucharest University, who loudly cheered his speech, and especially those passages which advocated even greater independence for Romania vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. However, with things getting out of hand in France, he returned from Romania twelve hours ahead of schedule. He soon realized that, unlike the Romanian students, the French students had severe grievances against the regime. The students had no say in the running of the universities; the programs were "traditional" without much reference to the needs of modern society; nothing had been provided to absorb in the universities their increasing numbers, so the students were still predominantly *fils à papa*, mostly children of reasonably wealthy parents, with only a bare sprinkling from the working class —who want their sons to earn a wage at 17, if not at 14. Moreover, the universities were producing either technicians or officials for the regime—or else graduates with no jobs to go to.

And here we come to the dramatic events of May 30-31. Since I last wrote, there has been an enormous amount of information, and even more of gossip, as to what happened at the Elysée Palace—and in Germany—on those two crucial days. I have come to the conclusion that what really happened was this.

On May 24, de Gaulle had announced a referendum on the desirability of "participation"—in industry, in the universities, etc. The general public was skeptical (in the midst of the chaos in France, there were more immediate worries), and the left-wing parties were violently hostile. It seemed clear that the referendum, if persisted in, would mean a defeat for de Gaulle—and his resignation.

So on May 30, he called a cabinet meeting; but before this could take place, it was learned that he had left by air for his country house at Colombey. The day before, Prime Minister Pompidou, with no doubt an eye on the job, had urged de Gaulle to resign—a piece of advice that was to cost Pompidou dearly. But at least two ministers —Edgar Fauré and Maurice Couve de Murville—did not lose their heads, and urged de Gaulle to stay on. (Fauré is today Minister of Education, one of the most difficult of all jobs, and Couve de Murville is Prime Minister.)

The next day de Gaulle returned, and made one of the toughest speeches of his career. He said he had considered "every possibility," but had decided to stay, since the people had elected him. And then he declared that he was dissolving the National Assembly immediately and that a general election was to be held within a very short time. This election, oddly enough, was precisely what the opposition had been asking for, and now de Gaulle took up their challenge. More sinister was his call for "civic action" —which savored of those paramilitary formations of the RPF in 1947-52. Mitterrand, head of the (non-Communist) Left opposition, declared on the strength of this that de Gaulle's speech was "a call to civil war."

The more general reaction was, however, different. The rioting, the strikes, the general disorder had lasted long enough, and barely an hour after de Gaulle's broadcast, a vast pro-de Gaulle demonstration took place in the

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Champs Elysées—composed mostly of "better-class" people, representing, as the papers put it, the *Parti de la Peur*—the Party of the Scared Ones. And people *were* scared—not only big business but also small business, and even the working class. The results of the election were to show this very clearly.

What had de Gaulle done while he was in Germany? There is now sufficient evidence to show that he did not exclude the possibility of a "Communist" *Putsch*, and he wanted to be sure that the army would quash it. The generals (including butcher-of-Algiers Massu) were, on the whole, unfriendly to de Gaulle ever since he had "betrayed" French Algeria. But a Communist *Putsch* was not something they liked. So they assured him that they would deal with a *Putsch*, but could not guarantee that the French troops would massacre workers or students if ordered to do so. This was good enough for de Gaulle; the police could deal with the students and the workers were not, on the whole, in a revolutionary mood—nor was the Communist party. But Massu felt that, in payment for the assurance that the army would deal with a *Putsch*, de Gaulle must release General Salan and other "French Algerians" who had plotted against de Gaulle and were still in jail.

De Gaulle agreed, not because he felt charitable to Salan and company but because he felt they no longer constituted a danger and because, in a general election, the extreme Right and the repatriated Algerians would be useful to the Gaullists. In the Presidential election of 1965, their candidate, the near-Fascist Tixier-Vignancour, had collected nearly 1.5 million votes. If this extreme Right voted Gaullist, a victory would be a near certainty.

In his famous speech on May 31, de Gaulle had paid the most extravagant compliments to Prime Minister Pompidou. It was Pompidou who was to win, very successfully, the general election for the Gaullists. In the first round of the election on June 23, the Communist vote dropped from 22.5 per cent to 20 per cent; the "Mitterrand" leftist vote dropped from 19 per cent to 16 per cent; the Gaullist vote rose from 37 per cent to 44 per cent (see the significance of the extreme Right vote!), the rest of the 22 million votes going to the Center and other smaller groups. In the second round (where nobody had obtained an absolute majority in the first) there was a gang-up against the Communists and the Left; the final result was that the Gaullists and their allies got some 350 seats out of a total of 485, the Communist seats dropping from 73 to 34 and those of the non-Communist Left from 118 to 57.

De Gaulle had calculated his chances with extraordinary skill; people were scared of the riots and the strikes, and voted for "law and order." The most remarkable thing is that even in the traditionally "Republican" south, the Gaullists did extremely well, which they had never done before, and even registered substantial gains in the Red Belt of Paris and in the industrial north, many workers voting for the Gaullists when angered by pickets who were stopping their return to work. Workers' wives felt that the wage rises had been sufficient and that an extension or renewal of the strike would seriously affect the family budget. In the south, the peasantry, scared of turbulent Paris, voted for law and order too; so did the previously anti-de Gaulle extreme Right, after the release of Salan from jail.

Now that Pompidou, as head of the Gaullists, had won the election, there came the moment of reckoning. De Gaulle fired Pompidou, replacing him at the head of the government by Couve de Murville. Why? First, de Gaulle had not forgotten that Pompidou had advised him on May 30 to resign, no doubt with the idea of taking over himself at the Elysée. Second, Pompidou, as the great victor of the election, was now, in de Gaulle's view, getting too big for his boots.

Third, Pompidou of the Rothschild Bank represented, in the eyes of the public, that Very Big Business which was notoriously opposed to the relatively "liberal" reforms that de Gaulle had in mind with his "participation" slogan. Couve de Murville, the cold, polished, very English-looking functionary, had been for ten years as Foreign Minister the executor of de Gaulle's will in international affairs. It is still too early to say what he will do in actual practice. His National Assembly program speech on July 17 indicates that he will give very substantial satisfaction to the students and the universities; that he intends to set up a regular "dialogue" with the working class and the labor unions; that he wants long-term reforms which will restore economic and financial health, limiting the rise in the cost of living and so maintaining France's competitive power inside the Common Market. This is a problem with which no one is more familiar than Couve de Murville. So it seems that de Gaulle's ambition now is to "make peace with the French people," just as he had "made peace" (by and large) with the outer world, including Algeria, Africa and the Arab countries.

The French Communists lost heavily in seats, though not in votes. But on balance they were right in saying that there was "no revolutionary situation in France"; they also knew that the working class was really aiming at better pay, not revolution. The election results show that the country wanted peace and quiet, and that the Communists simply could not have pulled off a change of regime, even if they had wanted to, and everything shows that they did *not* want anything of the kind.

Although de Gaulle thundered on May 31 about the threat of "totalitarian communism" to France, he is in fact on reasonably good terms with the French Communist party. As he often said before, all ideology is a lot of froth, and below it is the nation; to de Gaulle the Communists are just as much part of the French nation as anyone. In the last few years they espoused (long after the Italians) a polycentrist, "no aping of Moscow" policy. Today I learn from a good source that de Gaulle expressed the greatest appreciation of the trip made to Moscow by Waldeck-Rochet, the French Communist leader, in his brave endeavor—together with the Italian Communists—to save Czechoslovakia from Moscow's Stalinist die-hards.

To have not only the Czechs, Yugoslavs and Romanians but also the only two important Western Communist parties—the French and Italian—against them must make even these big bullies think. To conclude with a recent Moscow wisecrack: "Proletarian internationalism is merely the pseudonym of Ivan the Terrible."

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STRATEGY BACKFIRES

THE GOP IN THE SOUTH

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Judged by any standard, things could be better for Dixie's Republicans. George Wallace may spoil their Presidential hopes in three or four Deep South states. In Florida, Gov. Claude Kirk, who only a few months ago was looked upon as the great white whoop-de-do of Southern Republicanism, has been publicly judged by important party leaders as "an egotistical madman" suffering from "political paranoia," and has been deprived of the favorite son Presidential role that he yearned for. In Louisiana, the GOP, after budding briefly in the legislature, has withered away almost completely. In Texas, Georgia, and the Carolinas especially, Republican right wingers and middle wingers move about guardedly under an insecure truce.

If the above schisms and personality upheavals were all that marred the party, its long-range future would still be sound. But actually the Southern wing of the Republican Party is stricken with such basic defects that it may easily speed the demise of the national party.

Not long ago Ray C. Bliss, GOP national chairman, said: "We haven't had a majority of the Negro vote since the depression. But we've got to get our share of this vote, or we're in trouble." He said "our share" in 1968 means about 35 per cent (up from an estimated 19 per cent in the 1966 elections and 7 per cent in 1964).

If the GOP must have one-third of the Negro vote, then it is indeed in perilous trouble, and much of it can be blamed on the awkward, unimaginative and—deadliest of all—imitative Dixie wing of the party (which, as one Alabama newspaper man put it, "is just tryin' to cut a chaw off the same ol' plug—racism—the Democrats have been chewin' on for decades") and the dullness of its chief Southern spokesmen.

It's hard to feel sorry for Richard Nixon for any reason, but the Southerners he has recruited for his campaign leaders are almost enough to evoke sympathy. His regional manager is Howard (Bo) Callaway, the ex-Congressman and rich textile manufacturer who is one of the most notorious campaign bunglers in the South, as he proved in 1966 when he needlessly lost the Georgia gubernatorial race to Lester Maddox, and as he is now proving once again in his handling of the Nixon campaign.

On June 1, in Jackson, Miss.—apparently thinking that Mississippi is not wired to the outside world—Callaway stated that George Wallace should be in the Republican Party. New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller immediately pounced on this, properly labeled Wallace as a racist, and demanded that Nixon dissociate himself from Callaway's remarks. "Unless they [the Nixon crowd] repudiate this concept—that the GOP is a refuge for racists—the next election will see the death of the party," said Rockefeller. And he kept saying it for his next eight consecutive speeches. Nixon, alarmed, announced that he wanted nothing to do with Wallace and wanted no support from Wallaceites—a statement that did not exactly help him in the South and which he would not have been forced to make if it had not been for Callaway's monumental boner.

(A spin-off of this dispute in Florida gives another illustration of the unwillingness of Southern Republicans to disengage themselves from the racists. Florida state chairman William Murfin has circulated a confidential bulletin to all candidates not to attack Wallace "in some parts of the state"—meaning just about everywhere but in liberal-leaning Miami.)

On the same level of competence is Sen. John Tower of Texas, chairman of Nixon's "key issues" committee. The late Sam Rayburn once described Tower as "a pipsqueak" and few around Washington would dispute that. When Tower won his Senate seat in 1961 he became the first Republican to hold a state-wide office in the South in three generations.

With his election, Republicans all across Dixie took heart. For a time he was the rage on the banquet circuit. He still is a popular fund raiser, especially with right-wing Republicans, but as a symbol Tower is now rather shopworn. Southern GOP leaders no longer identify with him, partly because he does not really identify with them. His heart belongs to the anti-Communist fanatics of the Midwest and West, especially to Goldwater in Arizona and Reagan in California, although for this election he is supporting Nixon. "I do work with Southern leaders," he said, "in an effort to pull things together, but I don't consider myself any Southern Pied Piper. In fact, I have probably spent more time in California than in any other state outside of Texas."

Tower denies that he is an extremist, but he has a hard time backing it up. "I look upon myself as a rational man," he told me earnestly. "Ask Joe Clark and Gene McCarthy if I'm an extremist." Here he paused for a moment thoughtfully and then added, "Well, they might say I was. Maybe you better not ask them." He wasn't kidding. He never kids. Ironically, Tower was elected to the Senate the first time by a slender margin of votes supplied by Texas liberals who wanted to help establish a two-party state. (Willie Morris, now editor of *Harper's Magazine* and then editor of *The Texas Observer*, editorialized at the time: "We appeal to reason in urging a vote for Tower.") It was probably the most disastrous mistake made by Southern liberals in this generation.

Tower was no help at all in building a two-party state. He knows virtually nothing about organizational politics ("I'm not a nuts-and-bolts man," he says), as Nixon will discover in this campaign. And as a political orator and philosopher ("It's been my experience that politics is 50 per cent semantics"), he ranks with Strom Thurmond, whom he also rivals in the consistency of his racist votes against civil rights legislation and other progressive programs that might help the Negro. Tower never swerved in his devotion to the cause of Goldwaterism in 1964, and to many he is still identified with that campaign, so much so

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that the Nixon policy committee will inevitably borrow a strong whiff of the '64 fanaticism from his leadership.

To those who would like to see the South develop a true alternate party, men like Callaway and Tower are disturbing, not because they are incompetent and dull but because they reflect the mood of most Southern Republicans.

In most areas of the Deep South, GOP stands for those Grand Old Prejudices. A generation ago the region's Republican Party was almost solidly Negro; today it is just as solidly white. There are 5 million Negroes of voting age in the eleven states of the old Confederacy; about 3 million of them are registered, and virtually all of them are Democrats. Angered by the racism of the 1964 Presidential campaign, the Negroes stay away from the GOP. There were no more than a dozen among the 3,000 delegates to the North Carolina state convention this year, and only two among the 1,500 delegates in South Carolina. It used to be that one-third of the Fulton County (Atlanta) convention would be black; since Goldwater, it's down to about one-tenth. Although Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois, chief speaker at the North Carolina convention, was introduced as the grandson of a Confederate drummer boy, he got a very cool reception when he proposed that members of minority groups be welcomed. Negroes are treated politely by Republicans as a matter of policy in Texas and Florida and Tennessee, but only in Arkansas are they given a fraternity-type rush.

Part of the problem stems from the fact that the Southern GOP has had to build on a foundation of ex-Democrats, switchers (like Callaway) who brought their old hates, prejudices and principles along with them. Not long ago I asked Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who was a Democrat until becoming a Republican in 1964, if he now voted differently in the Senate than he had voted before his switch. The question shocked him. "Voted differently? Well, of *co'se* not!" He said that Southern Republicans look upon the world with the same vision as conservative Democrats.

A typical participant in North Carolina's recent "Operation Switchover" was A. Sharpe Johnston, a businessman from Wake County, who explained: "I'm leaving the Democratic Party because I'm tired of higher taxes, inflation, socialism, dictatorship, lawlessness, wars, and rotten, stinking politics." Few of the switchers are that eloquently philosophical.

Most would find a more suitable explanation for their converted Republicanism in the kind of speech delivered at this year's state convention of the South Carolina Republican Party by North Carolina Congressman James Gardner. This was a few days before President Johnson announced that he would not attempt to succeed himself and before Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, and the 1,500 delegates who crowded into the barn on the Columbia fair grounds were eager to hear Gardner insult Johnson and King. He obliged.

"Crime!" cried Gardner, a handsome young man who has become rich selling hamburgers, "is running *rampart* [*sic*]! Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, Martin Luther King and other rabble rousers—they'll probably be invited to the White House and have lunch with Lyndon Johnson, because Lyndon Baines Johnson will do *any*thing to get re-elected!" At this point his voice dropped to shocked incredulity. "Martin Luther King will eat in the White House *before that gr-e-at American Strom Thurmond!*"

Every man and woman in that crowd over the age of 30 was a former Democrat. Only those younger may have been Republicans all their voting lives. But the switchers were hearing nothing they had not always heard under the Democratic banner. Anyone in Washington who went along with the Administration was, as Mr. Gardner said, "a stooge." Hydrogen bombs should be used, "*any*where in the world" if necessary to protect "one single U.S. soldier." It was the traditional Dixie shot-and-shell line of patriotism. "We're here," shouted Gardner, "for a crusade! We're talking about the very salvation of America."

It was significant that the leadership of the South Carolina party invited Gardner as their chief speaker. Harry Dent, state Republican chairman, told me: "We felt that he believes most nearly as we do [of all North Carolina politicians]." It was Dent's way of saying the South Carolina GOP is extremist and racist.

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There is a tragic irony in the way that the Southern GOP's racism took what appears to be its permanent bent. Some of the leaders who brought it about actually intended to tap the anti-Negro reservoir of sentiment in a temporary way, until they had built up the party and felt they were strong enough to strike out on a more enlightened course. They were bright young strategists, though not as bright as they thought, who were not themselves really anti-Negro and who did not think the thing they encouraged would get too far out of hand. They thought they could tinker around with these passions, use them to build a party, and then reverse the trend before the party became warped. It all turned out to be a hideous flop.

The scheme goes back to the early 1960s. John Grenier, today 37, a successful Birmingham attorney, was the mastermind. Grenier recalls their scheme this way: "Ike and Nixon had given us a strong hold on the cities. In Alabama, for example, we could count on Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile. But there was no confidence that in state races the GOP actually existed. We had to show that it did."

So W. D. Workman, a Columbia, S.C., newspaper editor, ran for the U.S. Senate in 1962 against the late Olin Johnston, a highly popular Democrat, and reaped a startling 43 per cent of the vote. It was Workman's first and last race, but for risking it he is generally credited among South Carolinians today as being the creator of the Republican Party. In Texas, the unknown college teacher John Tower had already taken 41.1 per cent of the votes in a fight to defeat Sen. Lyndon Johnson in 1960, and the next year in a special election to fill the Johnson seat Tower won, so Texans knew they had a GOP. And in Alabama, Jim Martin (with Grenier handling his campaign) took on the venerable Democrat Lister Hill for the Senate and won 49.6 per cent of the vote. (Actually, the near miss was deceptive. Hill didn't return to Alabama to campaign until the last month of the race; nobody was excited about the race, so a great many Democrats stayed home. The normal turnout for a general election in Alabama should have been at least 600,000, but that time only 400,000 voted.)

"What appeared to be great GOP strength was actually a numerical mirage," says Grenier, "but it suited our purpose for rallying the Republicans. We had almost beat the great Hill, and it really built optimism."

The next step was an extremely dangerous gamble. "Then we set out to get a national candidate in 1964 who could break the black belt where the whites automatically voted Democratic. We decided to go for Goldwater. You couldn't jar those people loose from the Democrats without somebody they *thought* was a segregationist." Having consciously solicited and used the racist's vote in 1964, Grenier is now eager to swing back the other way.

"With Goldwater, we lost some city votes, but they will come back for Nixon. Most of the rural whites who voted for Goldwater will go back to the Democratic Party, but we will hold enough of them to build on. Goldwater got them for us, but Goldwater also temporarily cost us the blacks. The blacks are the most fluid, however, and we can get some of them back.

"*Now we must go after them.* The ultimate majority we must have will consist of the cities, the middle-income whites in the rural areas, and *30 per cent of the blacks.*"

But like other Frankensteins, Grenier has discovered that he has lost control of the monster. He may now want to go after the Negro vote, but in this, while he has the support of some Republican leaders, he has little support from the rank and file. Today he tries to sound a sober note to balance the shrillness of '64. "It was inevitable," he says, "that we got some racists and Birch types who were simply inflexible. But it was just as inevitable that we outgrow their narrow viewpoint. The time has come for us to do that."

But who is listening to him? This year he and his old ally, now his political enemy, Jim Martin, opposed each other for the role of national committeeman. Grenier damned Martin for "ugly racism" and the main issue of their contest was thereby set. Shortly before the primary Grenier said: "I may very well lose the race, but I'm pitching my campaign on the question: can we stand racism under the leadership of the John Birch Society? I'll know after precinct meetings." So now he knows: even in his home county the voting went heavily against him. State-wide he lost 2 to 1.

Even without this nasty division in the party over the Negro-Birch issues, the Alabama GOP would, of course, be in a hopeless position. The only significant politics in the state is Wallaceism. Politicians of both parties who want even a reasonable chance at winning must come to terms with Wallace. Wallace makes it harder on Republicans these days than he used to. Ever since Jim Martin had the gall to run against his wife, Lurleen, in 1966 and went around the state demeaning Wallace himself as "LBJ—the Little Bitty Judge," a reference to Wallace's height and to his previous occupation, Wallace has made the GOP toe the mark. He controls—depending on whose poll you want to believe—between 60 per cent and 80 per cent of the electorate. Already he has demanded that the state's GOP Congressmen make it known publicly where they stand as to his bid for the Presidency. Where else can they stand? And so long as Republicans support registered Democrats—even though they are nominal Democrats only, like Wallace—the party isn't going to have much personality or structure. The truth is, the GOP in Alabama, as in Louisiana, is stone cold dead.

If the situation were just basically hopeless—that is, if no amount of good spirit and good money could build a progressive black and white party in the South—that would be one thing. Then the Dixie GOP might be excused for going the way of the old Democratic Party. But just two states away from the chaos of Alabama, and touching a corner of the chaos of Louisiana, is Arkansas —and Arkansas has shown that a biracial GOP can win, perhaps not with great victories but with a viable start in that direction.

Nineteen years ago V. O. Key wrote in his standard political appraisal, *Southern Politics*: "Perhaps in Arkansas we have the one-party system in its most undefiled and undiluted form." That needs radical updating. Arkansas seems on its way to becoming a real two-party state. Republicans hold far more state offices in Florida and far

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more state and federal offices in Tennessee, for example, but no other Southern state can point to so many *changes* (the best way to measure political success) made in recent years by a Republican officeholder as Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller can point to, and no other important Republican politician owes so much to his Negro supporters.

To be sure, it took more than one leader who was willing to stick his neck out. Rubel Lex Phillips, 43, a Jackson, Miss., attorney did that in 1966 in his campaign for governor against the Goldwater-Democrat, John Williams. In a speech opening his campaign Phillips said: "I think integration is inevitable, I think it is here, I think we must accept it and adjust to it." And he continued to say this throughout his campaign, clearly making a call for the support of Mississippi's 270,000 registered Negroes, because "in Mississippi if the Republicans are ever going to win they'll have to get a fair percentage—30 or perhaps 35 per cent—of the total potential Negro electorate."

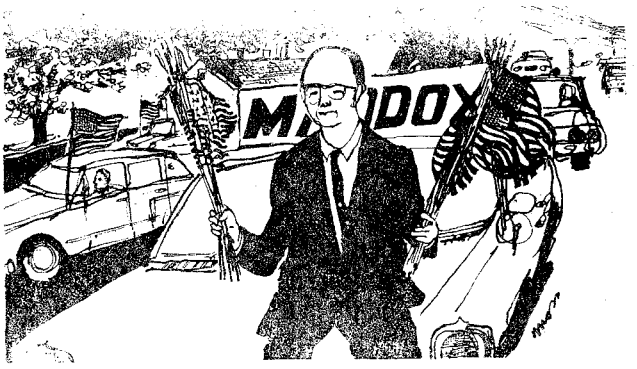
Having taken a position that immediately moved him toward the role of an outcast in the eyes of many important Mississippians, Phillips felt that at least he might be rewarded by the blacks for whom he took the risk, and he was understandably bitter when it didn't turn out that way.

"The Negro vote was very light," he told me, reviewing his failure, "and Williams got half of them. I guess I got about 18 per cent of the total Negro potential. It's hard to understand. The Negroes will not get anywhere until they learn to discriminate. When I said publicly that we must solve racism, I thought this would motivate them. It really didn't. The word didn't get down. We speak of the Negro leadership, but in my view there is no Negro leadership in Mississippi. I mean anyone who would go to the Negroes and say, 'this is what is best for us.' " He is right. But the problem can be overcome as Arkansas' Rockefeller overcame it—he set up as good an organization as money can buy and as Arkansas politics has for sale.

Between 1964 and 1966 he had ten field men roaming Arkansas (he still has five on the job), encouraging switch-overs and especially encouraging Negroes to forget the Goldwater scare. Truman Altenbaumer, a former Democrat who is now executive director of the party, says: "As it turned out, we had good reason to encourage the Negroes. Rockefeller got 90 to 95 per cent of the Negro vote in 1966. Our lieutenant governor candidate [who also won] got 75 to 80 per cent. Our attorney general candidate, who barely lost, got 60 to 65 per cent. If he had got the solid Negro vote the Governor got, he would have been elected.

"Jim Johnson [a flamboyant racist who had the open support of the Ku Klux Klan] was our opposition and he helped us a lot. I think race is a dead issue now, but I think we will hold the Negroes."

In this he is wrong. Racism, and James Johnson, too, are back this year, but this time they are starring in the campaign for U.S. Senate. J. William Fulbright—whose record on civil rights and labor legislation could hardly be worse—faces first the opposition of Johnson in the Democratic primaries and then of Republican Charles E. Bernard of Earle, a businessman and treasurer of the Arkansas GOP committee, in the general election. Bernard is a moderate in racial matters.



Thanks to the organizational foresight of Rockefeller and his followers, many Negroes—who ordinarily would support anybody opposed by Johnson—plan to stand aside and let Fulbright take whatever bruises the K.K.K.-Birch crowd want to give him in the primary, and then they plan to actively support Bernard in November.

The reason the Negroes are sticking together is that Rockefeller has proved to them that the Republicans don't forget their friends. Rockefeller has made the right kind of appointments. Although 60 per cent of the state's prisoners are black, Negroes had no representation on the prison and parole boards until Rockefeller took office. Also, he has Negro field men who not only set up black organizations but recruit black candidates for public office.

The almost solidly Democratic legislature has blocked some of Rockefeller's important reforms. He tried to change what he calls the present "sinister" method of selecting jurors, and failed; he tried to get an audit of the fish and game department, and failed.

But some of the lagging is his own. Not until *The New York Times* and the *Arkansas Gazette* disclosed what a chamber of horrors existed in the Arkansas prison system did Rockefeller move, cautiously, to clean up the prison system. The same procedure was followed in his cleanup of gambling in Hot Springs. At first he dillydallied, but then he sent state police swooping in to smash more than 300 slot machines and keep the gambling palaces closed down for so long that now it appears there will be no major revival. He has also, after some delays, begun to enforce state liquor laws even in private clubs (including clubs to which he belongs), with the result that, for the first time in years, there may be some serious attempt in the legislature to update the laws. He is an awkward, hesitant executive, but when he does lurch into reform action, it is practically always in the right direction.

Some other reforms must await his being elected a couple more times, for as Altenbaumer accurately points out: "There are 187 branches of the executive. That's how many boards and commissions there are. The Governor has no power over them except by appointment, and I think you would find this true in most Southern states. Rockefeller has one man on the five-man highway commission, two of ten on the state board of education. Arkansas has seen roads built right up to a guy's house and stop. We want to reform that sort of thing, but the highway commission just won't cooperate. So the record won't be in on this administration until we have a minimum of

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four years, and preferably six, so we can appoint a majority of the members."

This is the story throughout the South, which is not a two-party place as yet. It can hardly claim a party and a half. It's a place where you hear even successful Republicans ask for four more years, or six, just to get started. And it is unfortunately a place where most of the Republican leaders don't know what they want to have achieved for their state and region by the end of that time.

The evolution of the two-party South, at this stage, is only a power struggle, not the development of an ideological movement new to the region. And about the only thing one can say for sure about the average Republican is: he isn't a Democrat.

THE COOL CZECHS

JIRI MUCHA

Mr. Mucha, one of Czechoslovakia's most distinguished writers, is the author most recently of Living and Partly Living, *an account of his stay in a Czech prison during the Stalin era. He was sentenced to six years, spent some time in solitary confinement, and later worked in a coal mine.*

Prague

After a turbulent spring, Prague started on a summer of unpredictable weather. Czechoslovakia's unfortunate climate, with one day of sunshine paid for by a week of rain, has produced a population deeply skeptical about any permanence, especially of the happier aspects of life. As a result, the first wave of joy accompanying the regained freedom has been followed by somewhat morose doubts. I think this is letting the national character go too far. After all, the Czech events were the beginning of a movement that swept across Europe from East to West, culminating in the French student riots and the general strike. And yet this is the only country which has benefited by the upheaval and obtained results that can be expected to endure. For this, people should be gratified. It is no small achievement to have gained virtually all civil rights without a drop of blood or a black eye. I sometimes wonder whether the people here are aware of what has happened.

The Dubcek government is now firmly established, having obtained during the May plenary session of the Central Committee the resignation of ex-President Novotny and five more of its most discredited members. Naturally, this is not enough. A good third at least of its membership are people of the *ancien régime* and will have to go if the Central Committee is to have power to act. What seems disturbing to many is that these people, who are told daily by the press, radio and TV that their only honorable choice is to resign, keep sitting tight, insensible to the insults and apparently expecting that the whole fuss will soon be over. Since they are not heroes, it is generally believed that they are acting on the recommendation of powerful outsiders who may want to keep their people in as long as possible, or just do not want to let down their old friends. There is no proof of this, but to the man in the street it seems plausible.

There may be an even simpler explanation. The old guard may expect that Dubcek and his government will not survive the September general party congress, trusting workers to act as a retrogressive force since they will not yet have benefited by the new system. Freedom of speech or press is certainly not their concern; they are more interested in the *dolce vita* of Socialist mismanagement which allowed no end of loafing, assuring at the same time a fair amount of social security. I think, however, that they are gradually becoming aware that after one or two more years of the old regime even their pay would be worthless. There is also the heartening fact that numerous committees for the defense of freedom of the press have spontaneously appeared in factories across the country as an answer to the argument that the mass media are spreading anti-Socialist ideology. It is my belief that Dubcek rightly assessed the situation when he decided that the party congress should be held as early as possible. At this time the odds are that the active progressives will overrule the disgruntled old-timers; waiting another year might exhaust the fresh good will. Dubcek's great advantage lies in the stupidity of his opponents and the record of their twenty-year rule.

Despite this the people seem skeptical, even pessimistic. Some think that after the congress, when Dubcek will have dealt with his enemies, he will become another Gomulka. A few years ago the Poles, basking in the sun of Gomulka's liberalism, also believed their freedoms were there to stay. Some fear intervention from outside; others call it a bluff, arguing that the anonymous, viciously anti-Dubcek tracts, circulated among the workers, issue from the Central Committee itself, which is only waiting to abolish all this freedom once it no longer needs the liberals' support. The harsh comments in the press of most Socialist countries do not enhance the feeling of security, especially since the argument runs that our western border is not our sole business but concerns the entire Warsaw Pact. Such hints worry the whole population to such an extent that the Minister of National Defense found it necessary to explain to a suspicious public the General Staff maneuvers scheduled by the Warsaw Pact GHQ in and around Czechoslovakia this summer.

Despite the solemn declaration that no foreign hardware would cross our border, people remain tense and Dubcek is acting correctly in seeking support wherever he can find it. There are not many sympathizers to the north, but the south and the southeast of Europe seem to show interest and even understanding—Yugoslavia, quite naturally, but also Hungary and Romania.

The publicity given to these approaches reminds one of Benes' prewar Little Entente, well meant but rather aca-

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Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

We'll Remain Comrades—Whatsoever!

demic. Such an alliance might this time have a fairer chance, since the countries concerned have now the same kind of regime, ideology and aspirations, and an easily integratable economy, being all ex-members of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. To my mind, the main weakness of the old Little Entente was that without Hungary it was an awkward tapeworm, coiling from Prague, via Bucharest, back west as far as Trieste. Now it would have a sound territorial coherence—a common waterway, the Danube—as well as several important ports in two seas at its disposal.

It is too soon to make predictions but I cannot share the general skepticism. There will certainly be no outside intervention. The Russians cannot afford to lose more of their dwindling retinue and perhaps risk another Hungary, which both sides use as a bogy against each other. The Kremlin makes a great effort to swallow the sour Czechs with a smile, evinced by all the various government delegations traveling to and from Moscow. Strangely enough, the Soviet population has bizarre ideas about what is going on in Prague. People ask whether it is true that anyone known to be pro-Russian faces persecution and whether faithful members of the Communist party are in jail. One must wonder about the origin and purpose of such rumors.

Actually, there are two opinions about Prague: one, that a revisionist gang has let in the imperialist Trojan horse; the other, that a clever and purposeful group of party members has given communism a new lease on life. Neither is true and I am certain that not one of those now in power anticipated in January what things would be like in June. Everything that took place happened spontaneously, spilling over a territory previously evacuated. Some of it was uncanny as, for example, the censors voting themselves out of office, or the police asking politely to be excused for past misbehavior. The young people promptly responded by escorting a young policeman, who had been killed on duty, across Prague to the cemetery. Suddenly all civil rights were taken for granted and the parliament is now busy legalizing the *status quo*. I don't think it has an alternative, for probably nothing short of an armed intervention could take those liberties from the people.

How, then, does this sober, defiant attitude square with the general skepticism and dissatisfaction? The current situation reflects, I think, an old misunderstanding. The Czechs have an almost religious attitude toward democracy. It represents to them not merely civil rights and civil liberties—individual and political freedom—but an ethos in human relations, a sort of ideal Jerusalem. At the moment, therefore, they find it difficult to accept the fact that free speech and free press do not assure uniformly high quality in what is said and published. Their current disgruntlement can be summed up best perhaps in the words of sad amazement that a Czech politician used for the motto of his book on Munich thirty years ago: "We wanted to sing with the angels."

This time, however, there is no need to howl with the wolves.

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YOUNG NEGROES

THE UNREPORTED MESSAGE

SOPHIA McDOWELL
Mrs. McDowell, assistant professor of sociology at Howard University, has recently completed a report on "Prejudice and Other Interracial Attitudes of Negro Youth" for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The day after the assassination of Dr. King, Stokely Carmichael called his soul brothers into the streets of Washington, D.C.: "The only way to survive is to get some guns." Guns against the honkies. "Let's kill off the real enemy," was what he said. "The real enemy" is the honky; he always was and always will be. And there is no difference between one honky and another. That was how one Black Power spokesman saw the black-white situation in that moment of grief and anger.

But it is not how the Negro youth of Washington saw it in a 1966 interracial attitude survey with which I was associated. One question in that investigation of the views of 582 male and female high school students and dropouts, aged 16 to 19, was, "Do you feel the same way toward all white people?" Less than 15 per cent said yes: (13 per cent of those in school and 18 per cent of the dropouts; 11 per cent of the females and 18 per cent of the males).

To the 85 per cent who said all whites were not the same, we asked, open-endedly, "With what kinds of white people would you be most *willing* to associate?" and then, "With what kinds of white people would you be most *unwilling* to associate?" The basis for selection most respondents stressed was the attitude of those white people toward Negroes. It is the criterion named by two-thirds of them with regard to the kinds of whites with whom they are *willing* to associate, and by three-fourths of them with regard to the kinds of whites with whom they are *unwilling* to associate.

This preoccupation of Negroes with white attitudes toward Negroes took many forms. Most simply, and very repetitiously, it was stated as, "I am willing to associate with any whites who are willing to associate with me." Variant forms included whites "who don't intensely dislike Negroes," or "who are not prejudiced, or don't show it," or more specifically, "who do not try to make you angry by saying things to harm you if you are a Negro."

Sometimes more than a mere absence of hostility was required, as in the phrase, "white people that would stand by your side, like for instance in fights, etc." Sometimes attitudes of equality were specified, such as, "white people who don't think they are above you," or "who will treat me as I would prefer to be treated (equal). They are the ones who don't care if you are purple."

While other bases for selection were less frequently mentioned (individual personality or character traits in about one-third of the replies; or certain middle-class qualities in less than one-tenth), the pattern of rejection of whites emphasized the familiar racial factors in reverse. There was also much sensitivity to the hypocrisy of whites who "show teeth"—the pretenders, "who are friendly to you on the outside but hate you on the inside," or "that would smile in your face and laugh behind your back and call you black," or "talk like a dog about you when you are not there."

All this resentment of the white assumption of superiority is in keeping with what came out several years earlier when I asked an undergraduate class of Negro students to list ten "stereotypes about whites" which they found prevalent among Negroes. While many cited physical traits, psychological and moral characteristics, or the better opportunities, privileges and achievements of the whites, fully one-fourth of the items hit directly on white attitudes toward Negroes and white feelings of superiority.

When in the 1966 study the same question about choice of associates was asked with regard to other Negroes, racial concerns were mentioned by 12 per cent of the respondents, as a basis for acceptance, though by 21 per cent as a basis for rejection. There was approval for those Negro associates who showed race loyalty either in ideology or in individual dealings. "Negroes who try to pass for white as if to be a Negro were a disgrace," "uppity" ones, "Negroes who pretend to be better than other Negroes," were censured, as were Uncle Toms and "the ones that let anything be said about them and not try to stand up for their right." Negroes whose personal behavior would disgrace the racial reputation were rejected, as were those who evidenced lack of respect for fellow Negroes, or who otherwise dissociated themselves from race.

This sense of in-group loyalty was behind the recent walkout of Negro moderates from a conference with Maryland Governor Agnew when he criticized their failure to deplore publicly Negro extremists. On the other hand, some of our respondents, both academics and dropouts, rejected fellow Negroes "who think the whites owe them something," or "who down every white person for no apparent reason. These Negroes have no tolerance."

Our study of the interracial attitudes of Negro youth did not span the entire range of sentiments covered by that umbrella term, prejudice. Sociologists are beginning to distinguish among various aspects of prejudice and to analyze separately its different manifestations, such as stereotypes, personal resentment, hostility, racial ideology, militancy, social distance feelings and discrimination. They are finding that these separate manifestations are not necessarily correlated nor coexistent in the same person. Indeed, our research demonstrates that the concept of prejudice as ordinarily employed is not accurate or useful in analyzing Negro attitudes toward whites.

Our investigation was centered on just one aspect of prejudice: "social distance." The list of fifteen situations on our questionnaire evolved from three years of pre-tests performed by six classes of sociology students at Howard University, with thousands of Negro respondents. Each item on the list is important because it represents a

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practical interracial situation in which Negro youth may engage currently. Here is the tabulation.

Being a member of a club where most of the members are white	2.69
Being a member of a club with some white members, but where most of the members are Negro	3.55
Being a member of a club where about half of the members are white, and about half are Negro	3.45
Marrying a white person	1.67
Working on a job under a white person	3.33
Working on a job side by side with a white person	3.58
Being a member of a church where most of the members are white	2.84
Being a member of a church where about half of the members are white, and about half are Negro	3.52
Being a member of a church with some white members, but where most of the members are Negro	3.55
Dating a white person	2.28
Having a close friend who is white	3.40
Having a school teacher who is white	3.60
Going to school where most of the students are white	2.81
Going to a school where about half of the students are white, and about half are Negro	3.54
Going to a school with some white students, but where most of the students are Negro	3.70

We submitted questionnaires to 582 Negro youths in several groups, asking them to indicate on a scale of 0 to 4 how willing or unwilling they would be to associate personally with whites in each of the interracial situations named. The person giving out the questionnaire would always say, "Assume that the whites involved would be completely willing to associate with Negroes," but this hypothesis seemed so improbable that it was often greeted with guffaws. Nevertheless, we used it because we wanted to test not how the young Negroes thought whites felt about them but how they themselves felt about whites.

Numbers at the right in the chart are the average scores of the groups surveyed. The scale runs, 4: completely willing; 3: somewhat willing; 2: unsure; 1: somewhat unwilling; 0: completely unwilling. The average index of the 582 young people for the entire list was 3.16, a score between "somewhat" and "completely" willing.

The questionnaire showed a Negro willingness to associate with whites that was, in general, much higher than we expected, but this willingness was not extended equally or indiscriminately to all whites. It also varied with the situation. And when the subjects were grouped by sex, school status, cumulative school desegregation experience, parental education, parental occupation, or their own occupational ambitions, the most important group differences were between school dropouts and those in school.

The fact that Negro willingness to associate with whites varies with the kind of activity was almost predictable. Among whites, sociologists generally find greatest reluctance for interracial association in dating and marriage, and Negroes display the mirror image of these attitudes.

Most interracial attitude studies have distinguished between social distance feelings in intimate groups like clubs and in less personal associations like schools or churches, and find a greater hesitancy with regard to the more intimate groups. More than twenty years ago Gunnar Myrdal observed in *An American Dilemma* that for Negroes, compared to whites, there was a "reverse rank order of discrimination," Negroes resisting least the discriminations placed highest on the white man's list. Today, the white man may continue to make much of his taboo against personal intimacies with Negroes, but our 1966 study shows that young Negroes still do not seek personal contacts with whites that are not reciprocal. The investigation also brings out another facet of Negro social distance feelings by making distinctions on the basis of racial mixture: predominantly Negro, balanced, predominantly white. The respondents rejected predominantly white situations, reacting not so much to the nature of the group's activity or the intimacy of association involved as to the racial composition of the group. This suggests that on a personal basis the Negro is not avoiding whites, but is avoiding situations in which he himself would be vulnerable, and possibly rejected. If a lot of other Negroes are around, he feels some assurance of acceptance.

The Negro's so-called "prejudice toward whites," we found, does not conform to the pattern of white prejudice toward Negroes, nor does it meet the same criteria. There is, of course, no one official sociological definition for prejudice or even a consensus on its essential components. But many have noted its negative and categorical qualities; have found it ethnocentric and self-aggrandizing; institutionally sanctioned and economically advantageous; unwarranted, irrational and rigid; aggressive and hostile. These criteria do not fit the Negro interracial attitudes we examined, which have, moreover, a distinctive quality of their own. We call this the "contingency factor."

Negroes and whites in the United States have never been simply equal-status groups eyeing each other from the parallel levels of their own separate but equal ethnocentrisms. One has often heard references to a benign white person who "treated a Negro kindly"; but even now it is hard to imagine the reverse phrasing of "a Negro treating a white person kindly." The Negro's minority group position has not been like that of the Jew and Catholic; it has been more caste-like, and there has been relatively little in-group pride. True, separatist movements have appeared in every era, as have champions of negritude, currently expressed in the romanticization of "soul" and the political slogan of Black Power. But more generally the Negro's attitude toward himself has involved racial self-hate, a painful awareness of failure to meet the dominant physical, economic and social standards. Lacking self-pride, the Negro has rarely been able to afford the luxury of uncomplicated hostility; his reaction becomes ambivalent, his prejudice uncertain.

The personal avoidance of whites by Negroes is not aggressive, like white prejudice, but often defensive. Once burned, twice shy. For instance, one young man who enjoyed cordial relationships with his white fellow workers

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in a steel mill, never accepted their invitations to have a beer after work; he feared that, with alcohol, they would reveal a heretofore concealed prejudice. For him, all whites were guilty of prejudice until proved innocent. He wouldn't "stick his neck out" but he did remain willing "to be shown." In short, Negro disposition toward whites is contingent on white predisposition toward Negroes.

Of course, the white predisposition on which Negro disposition depends is differently assessed under different circumstances and by different individuals. It does not have equal weight among all segments of the Negro population. The disparity in willingness scores between dropouts and those still in school was statistically more important than the education or occupation of our subjects' parents, or his own occupational aspirations. Our interpretation is that school status is not one single socioeconomic factor but a complex index of the Negro youth's relationship to the white world.

The dropout usually comes from what is generally called "poorer" background, whether by "poor" is meant less money, less education, less occupational prestige, or less white middle-class culture. But whatever the range of occupational and educational conditions in the dropouts' background (and our data demonstrate a range), being a dropout signifies, in practical terms, if not ideologically, opposition to the Establishment. The dropout is not only out of the schools (which provide entrance into the American Establishment) but "out of it" in general. He has been segregated, unintegrated and abandoned. He, in turn, has abandoned the schools. It is therefore not surprising that his predilection for associating with whites proved markedly low. The mean percentage of "completely willing" responses to the items on our test was only about 40 per cent for the dropouts, compared with close to 60 per cent for their in-school contemporaries.

Our study of personal dispositions and sociological background factors among 16 to 19 year olds did not reveal many of the ideological conflicts that are today polarizing Negroes. Among this high school population in 1966 there were no extremists who said, "Stop the white world, I want to get off"; there was little evidence of Black Nationalism and Black Power. Elsewhere, there were militant Negro youth who had repudiated integration. For them, the hated old slogan "separate but equal" had acquired a new validity. Some of these claimed that, realistically, integration is only for the middle classes, while for the lower-class Negro immediate welfare goals were more vital than status goals. But such views were not advanced by our respondents.

Nor were there many references to "soul," the shibboleth of the new ethnocentrism, the romanticization of that special "Black" quality of pathos and joy and spontaneity of spirit that manifests itself in song and dance, in ethnic food and language and people. "Soul" is to the Negro cultural image what Black Power is to the Negro political image. It appears in the lyrics of popular songs and in the graffiti on the walls of slum buildings. Soul has come to be the pendulum swing from self-hate, the denial-with-a-vengeance of Negro inferiority, the glorification of everything that is distinctively Negro. It is the Orwellian reverse catechism: Black is good; white is bad, or if not totally bad, then at least spurious, watered down, second rate. But there was almost no "soul" in the comments we received. We wondered if such viewpoints were nonexistent or whether our questionnaire failed to encourage their expression. How were we to reconcile our research findings of interracial assent with the sensational evidence of interracial dissent in the cities of this land?

It is only upon reflection that one sees that there is no real inconsistency. Explosions of anti-white rage occur, but there are also constant undercurrents of *rapprochement* and identification. For the most part, the Negro youth in the newspaper headlines are not rioting because they want "out" from their white world but because they want "in." They share the same values as their white peers, and covet the same rights and privileges, opportunities and rewards, necessities and luxuries. (This overview may not apply to the ideologically radical, or the extremely alienated. It may apply less in periods of economic stress or social strain, like poor housing or summer heat and crowdedness. But it does apply to a large cross section of the population whom our data represent.)

The riots in today's headlines are not new. The explanation of the 1935 Harlem race riot by a New York Mayor's Commission—"resentment against racial discrimination and poverty in the midst of plenty"—sounds as contemporary as the 1968 Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, which Tom Wicker summarized this way: "the single overriding cause of rioting in the cities was not any one thing commonly adduced—unemployment, lack of education, poverty, exploitation—but . . . all of these things and more expressed in the insidious and pervasive white sense of the inferiority of black men."

Even the fires which mean catastrophe for some may have a different meaning for others. One young woman told us how joyously she welcomed fires in her Harlem childhood. The flames destroyed nothing precious; there was nothing precious to be destroyed. Fires were the only way to get rid of rats and roaches. And they legitimized claims on the attention and generosity of others, claims effective only in crisis.

Destruction may carry mixed communications. When the rioting vandal destroys the property of a white storekeeper, and loots it of the coveted symbols of white society—the TV, the sports shirt, the trinket or the necessity—this is not an uncomplicated impulse act. It may be a symbol of the ambivalence of the black outsider toward a white society which makes promises—but the promises are not kept. Hence frustration, anger, and finally violence. In the language of the 1968 "riot report": "What white Americans have never fully understood—but what the Negro can never forget—is that white society is deeply implicated in the ghetto. White institutions created it, white institutions maintain it, and white society condones it." The riots do carry the message of hostility; but they carry the opposite message as well: that when economic conditions permit it, institutions honestly endorse it, and when white people assure their sincere acceptance, young Negroes are "quite willing" to live together with whites in interracial amity.

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REVOLUTION ON THE WALLS

The revolutionary spring in Paris was an incredible, joyous outburst of solidarity while it lasted. Much of the spirit and spontaneity of the student movement was fortunately recorded for posterity on the walls of Paris' public buildings. A selection of graffiti (including the anonymous poem opposite), reflecting many (though not all) aspects of the movement, is here presented. (Assembled by George Ross.)

Elan Vital

L'imagination prend le pouvoir	Imagination is seizing power
Soyez réalistes, demandez l'impossible	Be realistic, demand the impossible
La Poésie est dans la rue	Poetry is in the streets
Je décrète l'état de bonheur permanent	I decree the state of permanent happiness
Cours, camarade, le vieux monde est derrière toi	Run, comrade, the old world is behind you

Revolutionary Whimsy

Dieu, je vous soupçonne d'être un intellectual de gauche	God, I suspect You of being a left-wing intellectual
Si besoin était de recourir à la force, ne restez pas au milieu	If it is necessary to resort to force, don't stay around in the middle
Je suis marxiste, tendance Groucho	I'm a Marxist, Groucho type
Mettez un flic sous votre moteur	Put a cop under your car
Si tu veux être heureux, pends ton propriétaire	If you want to be happy, hang your landlord

The University

Quand le dernier des sociologues aura été étranglé avec les tripes du dernier bureaucrate, aurions-nous encore des problèmes?	When the last of the sociologists has been strangled with the intestines of the last bureaucrat, will we still have problems?
1936 dernière couche de peinture	1936 last coat of paint
Nous on veut nos examens (signé les bourgeois)	We want our exams (signed the bourgeois)
Violez votre Alma Mater	Rape your Alma Mater

Politics and Revolution

Millionnaires de tous les pays, unissez-vous; le vent tourne	Millionaires of all countries, unite; the wind is changing
Les murs ont des oreilles. Vos oreilles ont des murs	Do the Gaullists have one too many chromosomes?
Une révolution qui demande que l'on se sacrifice pour elle est une révolution à la papa.	A revolution which expects you to sacrifice yourself for it is a revolution à la papa
Un seul weekend non-révolutionnaire est infiniment plus sanglant qu'un mois de révolution permanent	A single nonrevolutionary weekend is much bloodier than a month of permanent revolution
Notre espoir ne peut venir que des sans espoir	Our hope can come only from those without hope

Self-Criticism

Les murs ont des oreilles. Vos oreilles ont des murs	The walls have ears. Your ears have walls
Ne consommons pas Marx	Let's not consume Marx
Un flic dort en chacun de nous; il faut le tuer	A cop sleeps within each of us; he must be killed

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THE POETS IN THE STREETS

Je persiste à penser
Que la place d'un poète en ce moment
Est dans la rue
Que vous devez prendre d'assaut
Les tours d'Ivoire. Les raser
Proclamer
L'état d'urgence

Quand je me laisse aller
A pleurnicher sur ma misère
Si cette misère n'est pas aussi
La tienne
Lecteur
Frappe-moi fort

Qu'il n'y ait plus
De poésie absente

I can't help thinking
That at this moment a poet's place
Is in the street
That you poets should storm and capture
The Ivory Towers. Raze them
Proclaim
A state of emergency

If I give in
To mawkishness about my misery
And this misery isn't also
Yours
Reader
Punch me good and hard

Let's put an end
To poetry in absentia

Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

TWO MEMORIES OF THE JOE McCARTHY ERA

by Malcolm Cowley

POEM IN A TIME OF CRISIS: 1951

—jumped over the quick brown fox
jumped over the lazy dog
jumped over now is the time
jumped over all good men and true
jumped into the party
to save the party
to save the nation

a grand old nation it was
a swell party at the best hotel

the birds and the beasts were there
the quick brown foxes were there
the lazy dogs were there
all good men and true were there
all right-thinking women

—the hot mammas and nincompapas
the big baboon by the light of the moon
the alligators, commentators
punks and investigators
the astors and top brasstards
colonel obtuse of the daily noose
luce and la puce and the holy goose
all came to the aid of the party
and saved the party
and saved the nation.

THE ENEMY WITHIN: 1952

Beware of snogs.
They penetrate everywhere.
They are rich in subterfuge and delation.
They whisper against you in a corner of your mind.

All evil comes from snogs.
Unmask them, drive them into stony place,
encircle them with stones and stone them dead,
so that the earth lies clean under God's clean eye
and is God's earth again.
Still, might it be
that a snog survives, a shadowy node of evil
among the justicers?

How tell a snog
in all his involute treachery, his disguise
hiding disguises? Only one rule is safe:
all the accused are guilty,
all the accused feel guilt in their hearts,
all stand accused, wife, mistress, lover, brother,
detective, criminal, judge, even yourself—

pursued by snogs to the last brink of darkness,
cornered, pushed backward, hurtled into the gulf
as into an ether sleep;
spinning, hearing their laughter spiral down,
already smelling the green death below,
yet hearing your own laughter spiral up
because of a last ironical doubt: was I
victim or priest? Myself was I
or wasn't I, was-wasn't in a faster
and faster downward spiral, wasn't I,
was, wasn't I a snog?

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Cities Within Our Cities

EUGENE D. GENOVESE
Mr. Genovese is professor of history at Sir George Williams University, Montreal. He is the author of The Political Economy of Slavery *(Pantheon).*

The urban and racial crisis into which we have plunged has deep roots in our past, but the events of the 20th century alone tell us enough. These eight books, written during the last seventy years, together give us many of the main ingredients of the story.

Du Bois' *Philadelphia Negro,* written in 1899, will repay the reader's effort on two counts. As a sociological study of a black community of 40,000 in a major city at the end of the 19th century, it presents data, compiled from a painstaking canvass and accompanied by a sensitive analysis, on Negro economic, social and institution life. Its general conclusion will come as no surprise: the Negro community was subjected to brutal discrimination and somehow managed to maintain its dignity and fight back in the face of extraordinary difficulties.

The book's other value concerns its place in Du Bois' intellectual and ideological history. It may serve as a reminder of how far that great man (and his people) had to travel and of how far back they were forced to begin. Consider the patronizing tone of the 1899 introduction by Samuel McCune Lindsay: "The purpose of the inquiry is to furnish local agencies and individuals, interested in improving the condition of the Negro population in Philadelphia, a more comprehensive knowledge of the existing condition of Negroes, so that such work may be directed in the most helpful channels. . . . In the case of a race still in its infancy in social development . . . the education of each child for direct economic independence is of vital import." Du Bois' own tone was not all that much better. Thus, the well-to-do whites and blacks become the "best people." These two elements—the scholarly but nonetheless outraged report on the oppression of his people and the tendency to apply so many of the class attitudes of the white philanthropists of his day—mark the book as a valuable source for his political history and the political history of his people during the days of Booker T. Washington. Under the circumstances, the decision of the publishers to offer the book without a modern introduction, to set the author and his work in perspective, deserves censure.

The Negro in New York was prepared by various hands thirty years before seeing print, edited and re-edited by different people, and finally offered by Mrs. Hutson of the Schomburg Collection. Despite its collective authorship over a period of years, it is a smooth narrative history rather than a collection of episodes. Based on the library's magnificent holdings, it is generally a reliable introduction to its subject, and taken together with Gilbert Osofsky's fine recent book, *Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto,* carries us a long way toward an understanding of the black historical experience in New York. It is especially good on the slave period and tells the important story of white and black efforts against slavery. The general account of race relations, violent confrontations and black organizational efforts is well done, although it does have a rather quaint Left-liberal New Deal flavor, which breathes the hopes for racial unity and integration. If this flavor goes down hard these days, especially for many black militants, it nevertheless offers a necessary and valid ingredient for future reconciliation. Perhaps the most disappointing feature of the book is its failure to present the cultural side of black New York in anything like adequate dimensions. It is better than any of the other books under review in this matter, but there is so much to be done that the story remains as yet so scattered and fragmentary, if not buried. As a bonus, James Baldwin offers a splendid introduction, which among other things puts its finger on the class dimension of Negro oppression. For the rest, *The Negro in New York* offers more grim data, to supplement Osofsky's and those to be discussed in the other books under review, of a shameless history of gangsterism against a courageous and beleaguered people.

THE PHILADELPHIA NEGRO: A Social Study. *By W. E. B. Du Bois. Benjamin Blom. 520 pp. $12.50.*

THE NEGRO IN NEW YORK: An Informal Social History. *Edited by Roi Ottley and William J. Weatherby. Foreword by Jean Blackwell Hutson. Preface by James Baldwin. The New York Public Library and Oceana Publishers. 328 pp. $6.*

THE SECRET CITY: A History of Race Relations in the Nation's Capital. *By Constance McLaughlin Green. Princeton University Press. 389 pp. $8.50.*

BLACK CHICAGO: The Making of a Negro Ghetto, 1890-1920. *By Allan H. Spear. Chicago University Press. 254 pp. $7.50.*

THE BLACK WORKER. *By Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris. Atheneum Publishers. 509 pp. Paper $3.75.*

THE KU KLUX KLAN IN THE CITY, 1915-1930. *By Kenneth T. Jackson. Oxford University Press. 326 pp. $7.50.*

FROM THE ASHES: Voices of Watts. *Edited by Budd Schulberg. New American Library. 278 pp. $5.95.*

REBELLION IN NEWARK: Official Violence and Ghetto Response. *By Tom Hayden. Random House. 102 pp. $3.95.*

The studies by Mrs. Green and Spear, both professional historians, provide an opportunity to review the Negroes' travail in Washington and Chicago. Mrs. Green writes from a liberal's perspective, and in so doing supplies abundant evidence that this perspective has by no means lost all its integrity and vitality, whatever criticisms need to be made of it. Spear, on the other hand, supplies a perspective that, by implication at least, represents a more radical critique. Taken together, they form an important contribution to the history of the rise and consolidation of that which Mrs. Green calls "a secret city," and Spear "a city within a city." The major weakness of each book is the lack of attention to the culture of the ghetto, although there are some hints in *Black Chicago.* Until this cultural dimension is provided our knowledge of the inner history of the ghettos will remain dangerously partial.

Both books display parallel accomplishments and tell similar stories, although without wishing to underrate Mrs. Green's performance, *Black Chicago* stands out as one of the best such books yet written. Both provide needed specifics on the extent of economic and social discrimination and trace the course of residential segregation. As Spear says (and proves): "The development of the physical ghetto in Chicago, then, was not

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the result chiefly of poverty; nor did Negroes cluster out of choice. The ghetto was primarily the product of white hostility." Spear is particularly good in documenting the role of the solid white bourgeoisie in preventing middle-class Negroes from escaping the ghetto. He indicts white property owners not only for discrimination but for planned violence. Both books describe similar kinds of race riots, with whites invariably the aggressors, Negroes the victims, and the police and judicial apparatus deeply compromised. Among the strongest features of Mrs. Green's book is a sympathetic but critical account of the dilemma of the black bourgeoisie, which serves to take some of the sting out of Franklin Frazier's well-known denunciation. In general, she is too sanguine about the future. Her preface indicates that she is aware of ominous developments since she finished her manuscript, but her liberal assumptions repeatedly lead her to underestimate the force of many of the confrontations she describes.

A few special features of Spear's book deserve comment. His account of the permanent tension in Negro response between separatism and integration might be sharper, but he skillfully shows how most of the separatist effort aimed at creating a base for the fight for integration, and how the currently underestimated influence of Booker T. Washington passed into black separatism, although Northern black leaders generally sloughed off the accommodationist side of his thinking. Spear is also excellent in his account of how the Negroes rallied to a corrupt machine mayor in return for a few jobs and respectful attention, and of how the reformers of that day managed to combine their fight against corruption with a good dose of Negrophobia. Since the Negro masses gained little from their leaders' marriage of convenience, the result had elements of tragedy, but it should serve as a warning. Finally, Spear brilliantly demolishes the liberal thesis that the Negroes constitute merely the latest of our immigrant groups in the cities and that the solution to their problems will follow established patterns. He demonstrates, empirically and logically, that the black presence has been unique and that radical surgery, not traditional reformism, will be needed to avert a catastrophe. He notes how little essential change has taken place in the position of the blacks in Chicago since 1920—a point also made by Osofsky for New York.

The reprinting of *The Black Worker* is especially timely since virtually none of the recent works devote enough attention to the life of the black working class. Writing in 1930, Spero and Harris display understandable pessimism as they recount the ghastly story of job discrimination, union hostility and living conditions. The book is by now a classic and requires no review here. As is true for the other books in this series on Negro history edited by August Meier, *The Black Worker* has a new introduction by an outstanding authority—in this case by Herbert Gutman, a leading labor historian, who sets the book in time and place and has a good deal to say about the general history of black labor in America.

The movement of the Negroes from the rural South to the urban South and North during and after World War I met a violent racist response. Accordingly, Jackson's commendable study of the K.K.K. in the cities nicely complements the work being done on the ghettos. The Klan during 1915-30 was largely an urban organization, feeding off working- and lower-middle-class unrest. It rose as an enormous political power, electing mayors and even higher officials, and dominating cities and occasionally states. For the most part it was less anti-Negro than anti-Catholic; not racism but anti-foreignism occupied most of its attention. The slogan was 100 per cent Americanism, and most of the ingredients of a Fascist movement were there.

The Klan had its "progressive" side, much as Hitler had his "left-wing" brown shirts. It fought for expanded educational opportunities, federal aid to education, and even Medicare. It criticized low wage levels, although of course it broke strikes. The enormous response it got from the skilled workers and *petit bourgeois* suggests that a more sophisticated and ably led Fascist movement has much to draw upon. Anti-Catholicism probably proved its undoing because the new immigrants had the wherewithal to defend themselves politically, and because it cut the Klan off from much potential support among Negrophobe immigrants. Its demise was probably helped along to no small extent by its incredible corruption and clownishness. It was, for example, hard to pretend to be a purifier of American life when each year brought new evidence of embezzled funds or when a leader like David C. Stephenson, the Klan boss of Indiana politics, could be convicted for rape and second-degree murder. It is doubtful that every such movement can be counted on to bungle so badly. Especially chilling is the relationship between its anti-Negroism and anti-Catholicism, which generated an uneasy political coalition that proved too strong for it. Jackson warns, at the conclusion of his able and restrained study, that the spirit of the Klan did not die with it, and events in Cicero, Milwaukee and Newark bear him out.

The crimes of white racism may be measured variously. *From the Ashes* reveals one result: the extent to which a people's talent has been left to die in the streets. It is an anthology of the writings of eighteen black authors from Watts, most of whom had never been published before; it came out of a writers' workshop, set up by Budd Schulberg, after the famous rising there. I shall leave an estimate of the literary achievement to someone with better credentials, but one need not be a literary critic to know that there is some fine writing here. Much of it deals with the racial crisis—I found Harry Dolan's "I Remember Papa" and Johnie Scott's autobiographical "The Coming of the Hoodlum" especially powerful; but much of it deals with other themes—for example, Jeanne Taylor's sensitive look at mother and daughter in "The Stake-Out." As a whole, the plays, poems, stories and essays constitute an impressive tribute to the intellectual power hidden in the black ghettos.

Schulberg did an admirable job with this workshop, but I am afraid that his introduction provides ammunition for those who insist that black anthologies must be edited by black men. Its pompous, patronizing liberalism and its self-advertisement are embarrassing. Beyond that, he might have spared his readers, who will not easily forget his performance during the McCarthy era, such appalling bad taste as this: "I held to the old-fashioned notion that an author has a special obligation to his society, an obligation to understand it and to serve as its conscience."

The previous books tell much about the organized violence of white racism against the Negro community; *Rebellion in Newark* informs the reader about the current black response. Hayden, a young white radical community organizer formerly of SDS, has written a brilliant little book, which is the more forceful for its understatement and economy of style. It opens with a brief but staggering review of the bare con-

MY HUSBAND'S FATHER

During the depression, after having had
to fire all the men in his company,
he came home
and committed suicide in the cellar.

Found alongside the body was
a pillow. My husband,
a small child at the time,
remembers seeing it there:

He always believed that it
had been used to somehow muffle
the sound of the shot.

JOSEPHINE SAUNDERS

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ditions of life in largely black Newark. Among the matter-of-fact data offered are these: the highest percentage of bad housing in the nation; the most crime per 100,000; the heaviest per capita tax burden; the highest rates of venereal diseases, maternal mortality, and new cases of tuberculosis; and a Negro unemployment rate above the disaster level of 15 per cent. Hayden singles out the exasperation of the middle-class Negroes of Newark with the lack of progress as a major factor in the ensuing rising.

The affair began with a common incident: a Negro cab driver got a nasty taste of police brutality. This time the community, led by its youth, struck back and laid siege to the police headquarters. Before it was over troops had to occupy the city, and in the course of doing so joined the police in a war against the black community as a whole—destroying Negro businesses for no apparent reason, shooting at inoffensive Negroes, indiscriminately attacking Negro homes, and killing at least twenty-four people. Only two white men died, and Hayden provides strong grounds for doubting that they were killed by Negroes. Hayden demonstrates that nearly all the dead Negroes were employed family men; that no Negro sniper was killed; that the charges of widespread sniping and arson were grossly exaggerated in order to justify the use of troops; and that the community fought back bravely and probably forced the Governor to pull out as fast as he could. What Hayden has done is describe not merely a riot or violent response to aggression but a people in the process of learning how to defend itself, and even to prepare for a major victory over a seemingly impregnable state apparatus. The book will have to be read by everyone concerned, including those who command that apparatus.

Rebellion in Newark has its flaws, some of which are more disturbing than others. The last chapter, which calls for greater ghetto autonomy and for various reforms, does not deserve much discussion and is blandly liberal. It sounds strange coming from a radical community organizer, but then we are never told who or what he was trying to organize or what happened to the effort. The omissions and the disingenuousness do not destroy the value of this fine piece of reporting, but they will, I fear, reduce its effectiveness among those who need it most. What, after all, can we say when Hayden writes in one place: "The Hayes Projects are a useful terrain for people making war. The police station is well lit, but the projects are dark, especially the rooftops 100 yards above the street. Each room in the projects can be darkened to allow people to observe or attack from the windows"; and then complains about indiscriminate police firing into the projects. His main point nonetheless obtains: The troops were brought in, not to suppress snipers and arsonists but to retaliate against a justifiable uprising against police brutality, and they behaved as atrociously as ever. The specifics are here. Let one stand for the others: A 19-year-old boy surrendered and was killed with the explanation that he had pulled a knife. Perhaps. But his body and head had forty-five bullet holes. The ultimate significance of the story Hayden tells so well is this: Newark does not stand out because whites tried to slaughter and degrade blacks—that is an old tale—but because, like Watts, Harlem and elsewhere, it serves notice that white America must make a new departure or face civil war.

The Root of Resistance

PATTERNS OF VIETNAMESE RESPONSE TO FOREIGN INTERVENTION: 1858-1900. *By Truong Buu Lam. Monograph Series No. 11. Yale University.*

THE MILITARY HALF. *By Jonathan Schell. Alfred A. Knopf. 212 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.65.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY
Mr. Mirsky teaches Chinese at Dartmouth.

Americans opposed to the war in Vietnam find themselves prey to a pair of conflicting emotions, one providing hope, the other leading to despair.

Our hope is that since the Vietnamese freed themselves from the Chinese (more than once), the Mongols, the Japanese and the French, ultimately they will persuade the Americans to leave. We are sustained in this belief by the tenacity which sends NLF suicide squads into our Saigon embassy, and by the irony of the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris who guarantee "restraint" by not bombing the United States.

But we lurch back into sick despair when we see the refugees, the dead, the wounded, the orphaned, the destroyed, the gassed, the napalmed, the bombed—all the results of a technological genius turned insane. It may be that the Vietnamese will not survive physically, that by the time *we* get fed up with them, *they* may be dead.

Truong Buu Lam's book is one of the first by a scholarly Vietnamese available in English. Dr. Lam, a historian trained in the West, now residing at Cornell (home of so much that is valuable in Southeast Asian studies), has put together a fascinating collection of poems, songs, letters, appeals and edicts of the first great period of Vietnamese struggle against the French, 1858-1900. Although the French were not driven out, the later patterns of resistance took form in that half century. "The spontaneous reaction against foreigners and the armed struggle to oust them had grown into a demand for revolutionary—political and later social—changes."

Dr. Lam's introductory essay is a brief masterpiece of information and historical synthesis. (We are reminded that: "The first act of armed intervention by a Western power in Vietnam is generally held to have been perpetrated in 1845 by a ship of the United States Navy. . . ." The occasion was prophetic. American sailors went ashore in Danang to demand the release of a French bishop.) Themes of major importance to our current understanding are traced by Dr. Lam to events of more than 100 years ago.

First, the Vietnamese believed very early that they were dealing with an unusual type of enemy. Prof. Paul Mus of Yale University has pointed out that today, in dealing with the Americans, Vietnamese often feel not so much that we have deliberately settled onto their country but that we are simply where we should not be, that we are in error and must be persuaded to leave. Accordingly, in an elegy of 1861, composed for those who died fighting, we find: "For a bowl of rice and a cut of cloth—what is the matter with the enemies' ancestors that they come and dispute them with us?"

Second, the Vietnamese recognized that the invaders were going to distort the ancient ways. "Into this united and sumptuous kingdom, could you admit any foreigner to slay the snakes and hunt the deer? Under the brilliant light of the sun and moon, how could you tolerate those who sold dog's meat for lamb?"

This distortion of life, those in the resistance understood, would not prevent some of their number from collaboration. "What was the meaning of life when you were impressed into the enemy militia and when you had to share their wine and nibble their bread?"

Dr. Lam firmly believes that the principle of Vietnamese nationalism—the underpinning of the struggle today—can be discerned in the last decades of the 19th century. The documentary evidence sustains him, even though the

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situation contained a paradox. The Vietnamese court either did not struggle manfully against the French or virtually lay down before the invaders. Nonetheless the Emperor was the symbol of the nation to whom the resistance rallied. The "call of loyalty, to King and land" echoes through these literary remains; as their actual rulers proved faithless, the focus of the partisans broadened to include ideal monarchs who would not willingly suffer the insult of foreign occupation. Therefore, although the Hue court called for the struggle against the French to cease, the elegy addressed to fallen partisans is reassuring: "You have spared no efforts to help your country. Although you disobeyed the royal orders you shall not be considered a disloyal subject."

Perhaps even President Thieu knows these lines:

"The Emperor does not recognize us, but it is indeed our duty to carry on our struggle for the safeguarding of our fatherland. The Emperor calls us rebels but in the depth of his heart he cannot help but praise our loyalty."

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And who was doing the fighting? Dr. Lam explicitly rejects the notion of an apathetic peasantry so vital to the American pacification. He points out that while "normally indifferent to ideology" the ordinary Vietnamese felt *personally* the need to resist. Again, the elegy of 1861 tells us a good deal:

"You were not professional soldiers . . . experienced in military life and training. You were but inhabitants of villages and hamlets turned partisans to serve the case of righteousness . . . on your back, a shirt of cotton . . . in your hands a pointed stick . . . for your sword, you used your kitchen knife . . . you were not frightened by the French who shot large and small bullets at you."

In the end, Dr. Lam asserts, the French succeeded because of "the failure of the Vietnamese court to pursue a systematic and determined resistance." The court assumed the French did not intend total territorial domination. By the time they understood it was too late. But the roots of popular resentment had thickened, and succeeding generations of Vietnamese seemed always to hope for national independence.

This hope inspires us all. The exploits and endurance of the Vietnamese seem superhuman. But can they survive? One's fears are sharpened to the point of agony by Jonathan Schell, first in his *The Village of Ben Suc* (reviewed in *The Nation*, January 8), and now in *The Military Half* (both were published first in *The New Yorker*). I know no book which has made me angrier and more ashamed. If upon finishing it one still says only "war is hell" one's soul may be in mortal danger. Putting Dr. Spock, Father Berrigan and hundreds of anonymous draft refusers in prison for protesting the crimes described by Jonathan Schell is an act of social perversion.

Schell, who is 25 and a graduate student at Harvard, spent a few weeks in 1967 flying about in small spotter planes over Quang Ngai in northern South Vietnam. Some 650,000 people used to live there. Since the 19th century the peasantry of that region had actively fought the French; Ho Chi Minh proclaimed it very early a totally liberated area. "By the early nineteen-sixties, a whole generation of young people in rural areas had known no government other than that of the Vietminh and the National Liberation Front."

From Diem on, regime after regime tried the old-fashioned and, in retrospect, humane methods of Strategic and New Life Hamlets to bring the population under control. All failed. In the middle of 1967, Operation Oregon was launched. By August, 40 per cent of the population were refugees and 70 per cent of the houses were destroyed.

Let us be clear: this destruction is deliberate—*it is not an unfortunate series of mistakes.* The American attitude mirrors that of the 18th-century Chinese Emperor Ch'ien-lung: "The Vietnamese are indeed not a reliable people. An occupation does not start before they raise their arms against us and expel us from their country." Such "unreliability," deeply ingrained in the Quang Ngai peasantry, is now causing their destruction.

Schell collected some Marine leaflets, showered in their millions onto the ground below; their message leaves no room for confusion:

Number 244-286-67: "The U.S. Marines will not hesitate to destroy immediately any village or hamlet harboring the Vietcong. . . . The choice is yours."

Number 244-068-68: "Attention Villagers:

1. Your village was bombed because you harbored Vietcong in your village. . . .

6. Your village will be bombed again if you harbor the Vietcong in any way. . . .

10. The G.V.N. and Allied Forces will help you to live in peace and to have a happy and prosperous life."

American officers explained our scorched earth policy to Schell in various contexts:

1. "We had no *plan* of destroying the valley. But then Charlie went back in there and we had no choice about it, so we inserted two battalions . . . and then it got destroyed in the process of denying it to the enemy."

2. "We have completely dropped the ball on these refugees. . . . If I told people about this in the States, they'd say I was lying."

3. "We're here to sell the government of South Vietnam to the people in this province. The trouble is they don't want to have the government sold to them, so what we're really doing is cramming the government down their throats."

4. (In response to Schell's asking how a man spotted from the air, who became the target of an air strike, could be identified as a Vietcong): "Well, he walked real proud, with a kind of bounce in his gait, like a soldier, instead of just shuffling along, like the farmers do."

5. (After a series of air strikes): "I don't know what kind of people were down there, but they're not there now."

6. "It gets completely impersonal. After you've done it for a while you forget that there are people down there."

7. "This is an operation to catch the VC, not to clear the area. You just can't go moving everybody out all the time."

8. "Any civilians in this area are Charlies or Charlie sympathizers, so there's no sweat there."

What kind of men are performing

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these deeds? How do they feel? After one village was wiped out by napalm and cannon fire, the spotter congratulated the flight commander: "That was real good work. I appreciate it."

" 'Well, thank you,' the flight commander replied, 'I enjoyed it.' "

The pilots make up drinking songs in which they uneasily ridicule themselves while banging their glasses on the table:

Bomb the schools and churches.
Bomb the rice fields, too
Show the children in the courtyards
What napalm can do.

Or

Strafe the town and kill the people,
Drop napalm on the square,
Get out early every Sunday
And catch them at their morning prayer.

When Jonathan Schell published *The Village of Ben Suc* some reviewers twisted madly, attempting to explain away the destruction of a village of 3,800 as an unfortunate but probably *isolated* incident. One suggested that some newspaper man look into the matter. In a letter to the *Times* I explained that I had visited not only Ben Suc but all the surrounding area, and that such wide-scale wiping out was common. [See Mirsky: "The Tombs of Ben Suc: Too Blind Stupid To See," *The Nation*, October 23, 1967.] At the end of *The Military Half* Schell describes the elimination of the coastal village of Tuyet Diem, and the transportation of its 1,600 inhabitants. By this time our outrage has been overstrained by the endless killing and burning. How are we to respond when, following the bombing of a church the spotter exults: "Oh, that's nice, baby, real nice. You're layin' those goodies right in there." The church had been flying a white flag which maddeningly continued to fly. This goaded one of the pilots: "We'll have to get that white flag. It's a matter of prinicple."

We are setting out to eliminate the Vietnamese because they are in our way. When I was in Vietnam in 1967 the term "hostile civilian" was widely used; areas without people in them were referred to as "sanitized." In the late nineties, Truong Buu Lam tells us, Phan Dinh Phung, one of the leaders of the resistance (near the area where Schell's book is set) wrote:

I now have only one brother for whom to care: he is the Vietnamese people. I now have only one tomb to protect: it is the land of Vietnam.

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Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

GAZAPO. *By Gustavo Sainz. Translated from the Spanish by Hardie St. Martin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 181 pp. $4.95.*

Godard developed his techniques to break out of certain confines of film making and into a style that belongs very much to him. Sr. Sainz, who is Mexican, has borrowed the technique and locked himself into a stylized box in which his characters, a group of middle-class Mexican kids, act out some of the rituals of friendship and love which define their world and exquisitely isolate them from anyone who's not a member of it. This is done in a series of quick takes which, since they're not particularly visual, distract from the action rather than enrich it. Although Hardie St. Martin has translated the work into very relaxed, colloquial English, *Gazapo* is a rigid little book that is so overintent on *how* it is made that it is seldom engrossing for more than a few pages at a time.

THE WAY IN. *By Eugene Mirabelli. The Viking Press. 217 pp. $4.95.*

People who know Cambridge, Mass. might particularly enjoy this somber novel for the setting. Mr. Mirabelli has a lot of talent for eliciting a sense of place, though *The Way In* is really about the process of growing older. Despite the fact that the story is populated by a number of characters who are both believable and interesting, the eerie, no-contact quality which hangs over it all extends to the hero, who supposedly moves out of his own isolations and into a good life. It's hard to tell whether this is intentional—that is, whether the author is telling us that his hero is somehow fulfilled in the end in spite of his still seeming so alone, or whether he is trying to convince us that he's *not* alone, having acquired a wife, a child and a way of earning a living. The difference is crucial; because it is left unclear, reading the novel becomes an uneasy experience.

HOUSE MADE OF DAWN. *By N. Scott Momaday. Harper & Row. 212 pp. $4.95.*

The author is a Kiowa Indian who grew up on Southwest Indian reservations; his novel is about a young American Indian who gets locked out of his own culture and almost destroyed by the relative absurdity of the white man's world. It is a tragic if familiar story but, as Mr. Momaday recounts it, one of considerable power and beauty. The life of his hero's grandfather is used as a backdrop to the ongoing action of the book, and Momaday offers a double view of how it used to be to grow up Indian in America and how it is now. If he is more skillful in conveying the old way than the new, it is because his talent is better suited to describing order and beauty than chaos and despair. A particular exception to this is one very sad and funny scene in which a group of Los Angeles Indians gather for a peyote-eating ceremony.

A PERSONAL MATTER. *By Kenzaburo Oë. Translated from the Japanese by John Nathan. Grove Press. 214 pp. $5.*

It is easy to see why Oë is considered a revolutionary writer in Japan. There is something quite shockingly ruthless in the precise way he tells this story of Bird, an evasive and seemingly empty young Japanese whose wife has just given birth to a deformed child. Although Bird's first impulses are to have the child killed or to simply disappear himself, a relationship with an old girl friend and some flashbacks from his past help him face a crisis for the first time in his life. Everything is more Western than the West: Oë's descriptions of the hospital personnel are particularly gruesome

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("Would you like to see the goods?"), and he writes about sexual intercourse as if it's an intricate surgical operation being performed slowly and under extra-bright lights for the benefit of curious medical students. Bird's girl friend drives a red MG and is "chasing a better orgasm." The novel must have been a problem to put into English, but John Nathan's translation seems exactly right.

TRUE GRIT. *By Charles Portis. Simon & Schuster. 215 pp. $4.95.*

Mattie Ross, the narrator of *True Grit*, calls it "my true account of how I avenged Frank Ross's blood over in the Choctaw Nation when the snow was on the ground." Mattie is 14 when it all happens, back in the 1880s, and her story of how she hired a U.S. marshal and joined up with a Texas Ranger to catch her daddy's killer, fell into the hands of a deadly, good-natured bandit, got snake-bitten, and lived to tell the tale back home in Yell County, Ark., fifty years later is pure, beautiful corn. Mr. Portis, who wrote *Norwood*, is what they used to call a natural, but there's more to it than that. *True Grit* is surely some kind of classic; readers of William Eastlake might appreciate it best, but only a mean person won't enjoy it. If there are people who still follow the custom, this is a fine book to read aloud.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Los Angeles

On top of what used to be Bunker Hill at the edge of downtown Los Angeles, set off by plazas and fountains, stand the three imposing theatres of the new Music Center. This marble-fronted efflorescence of cultural philanthropy is, of course, Southern California's answer to Lincoln Center, but somehow it appears to be more or less free of the rancors and embarrassments that hang like a cloud over New York's cultural colossus. Since no cultural center is complete nowadays without a resident professional theatre, the Music Center has one; instead of creating such a theatre entirely from scratch, however, the Center extended its hospitality to the Theatre Group of UCLA, a professional organization that had been mounting productions for several years in various halls on the UCLA campus. The Theatre Group was absorbed into a new organization, the Center Theatre Group, which presents a mixed bag of imported and domestic productions at the 2,100-seat Ahmanson Theatre, and a series of locally originated productions in the 750-seat Mark Taper Forum.

Gordon Davidson, the artistic director of the old UCLA Theatre Group, became artistic director of the Forum, and is now in the midst of his second season downtown. Mr. Davidson has found his audience—the Forum has nearly 30,000 subscribers—and he runs what seems to be one of the most stable and viable regional theatres in the country. (This means that he can fill his theatre with people willing to sit still for what he gives them, keep his deficit low enough so that his backers are willing and able to meet it, achieve a reasonable degree of success with the critics, and generate a sense that he can go on doing these things without too much difficulty. This may not sound like a tremendous achievement, but in the rickety world of regional theatre it is not a common one.)

The Forum offers selections from the usual resident theatre repertory—*The Miser* and *Camino Real* are on this year's schedule—but unlike some of his opposite numbers at other theatres, Davidson does not limit himself entirely to this repertory; in his first season at the Forum, two out of his four major productions were new American plays. Davidson is particularly interested in the "Theatre of Fact," as that form is now called, which deals, in more or less documentary fashion, with people and events of recent history. While still at UCLA he staged *The Deputy* by Rolf Hochhuth, and he is interested in doing *The Soldiers*, Hochhuth's new play about Winston Churchill. This summer, the Forum's Monday night workshop is offering a new American play called *Witnesses*, by William Murray, which deals, in Pirandellian fashion, with the thirty-six people in Queens who looked on and did nothing while a young woman named Kitty Genovese was stabbed to death. Meanwhile, Davidson has been presenting, as a major production, the American première of *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, by the German playwright Heinar Kipphardt, a dramatization of the 1954 hearings which deprived Oppenheimer of his security clearance.

Aristotle said, some time ago, that poetry is better than history because history deals with specific events while poetry deals with general truths. Of course, the best history has always aspired to be poetry in this sense; the work of Thucydides, who died before Aristotle was born, is so full of general truth that it is frighteningly pertinent to American foreign policy right now. The playwrights of the Theatre of Fact also aspire, in most cases, to "general truth"; Kipphardt himself has said that his intention was

> to follow Hegel's advice and lay bare "the core and significance" of a historical event by freeing it from the "adventitious contingencies and irrelevant accessories of the event," to strip away the circumstances and aspects that are of merely secondary importance, and to replace them with such that allow the essence of the matter to appear in all its clarity.

But he has done almost exactly the opposite, and his play gets irretrievably bogged down in adventitious contingencies and irrelevant accessories.

Several vital questions are highly pertinent to the matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer, but the Personnel Security Board of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, as Kipphardt shows it to us, ignores or obscures these questions; it is concerned not with the great issues raised by the case but, essentially, with the narrow question of whether or not it was going to let Dr. Oppenheimer have his clearance. Kipphardt has freely rearranged his documentary material, and even invented speeches and scenes, but he has not gone nearly far enough. "The Hearing is the framework of the play," as the program says, and the framework becomes a strait jacket. Duerrenmatt's *The Physicists* and, above all, Brecht's *Galileo*, are still the plays for our time about the role of the scientist in the atomic age.

This does not mean that the Theatre of Fact, even in its most rigorously factual form, is impossible as a dramatic genre. *The Investigation*, Peter Weiss's austere, scrupulously documentary dramatization of the trial of a group of concentration camp officials, proved, to my satisfaction at least, that a sensitive selection from suitable materials can produce something very closely resembling a work of art. But *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* may serve to remind us, once again, that there are no short cuts to significance.

Perhaps, however, I have made the play sound worse than I actually found it. It has its lively exchanges every now and then, and even the facts themselves have a certain modest documentary interest: so this is how a security hearing is run, so this is what Oppenheimer and Teller had to say. (I was particularly pleased to discover that Oppenheimer's first initial stood for "Julius.") Except for Joseph Wiseman's overcultivated, unspontaneous, and smug performance in the title role, I found nothing to object to in Gordon Davidson's production. The Center Theatre Group does not maintain a permanent company, and the Forum productions are cast from scratch; this means that the mystical idea of a permanent ensemble is ignored, but it has certain advantages. It means, for instance, that Davidson has been free to assemble, for this play about middle-aged men, a middle-aged cast, including

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such well-established actors as Eduard Franz, Jeff Corey, John Randolph and Herbert Voland: their presence gives the production an agreeable sense of solidarity. It would be interesting to see what Davidson could do with a good script.

SIDNEY BERNARD

Mr. Bernard is the New York editor of Literary Times.

The success of the New York Shakespeare Festival's open-air mod *Hamlet*, which is touring the neighborhoods these summer nights, can probably be measured in inverse ratio to the unhappiness of purists who watch it. The latter (and there were some at the performance I caught) can be spied out by that certain grimace or swiveling of the head, as if from pain, that occurs when, say, Claudius gets a cream pie in the face; or Hamlet pops gaily into bed with Gertrude—proving that in street theatre, anyway, direct action on the Oedipus front is its own reward. There are lots more such high jinks—Ophelia strutting the boards in mini-sequins dress and jet-set tick, two spadecat jivers playing the roles of "Rosencraft" and "Gilderstone," a platoon of GI-dressed, pistol-toting guards in a royal court that's like a penitentiary, and so on. Director Joseph Papp's conceit, overall, can be said to work well, much in the way good subway graffiti do.

Hamlet is played by a lithe and bouncing Cleavon Little, a young black actor who, far from worrying over that "pale cast of thought" that so hobbles the Dane, has at his role with an athletic celerity, an open-voiced bravado, that jolts the audience to the funny bone. From his first entrance—in boxing shorts and sneakers—Little is a walking, jumping and skipping farrago of passion eased by Olson-Johnson tomfoolery, poetry bearded by street-corner minstrelsy and high philosophy reined in by blasts of horse sense. When Hamlet-Little is asked what he reads, he looks out owlishly through horn rims with no glass, and replies after a delicious pause: "Ebony, baby." That moment is the witching moment, not of Hamlet's ominous ghost but of revved-up parody under an open sky, with a neighborhood crowd you can play on for all the comic stops.

The production is boiled down to about an hour and a half, with no intermission. I saw it in Washington Square Park, where it was snugly mounted between the austere arch and the waterless fountain. Bongo regulars, hippie boy and/or girl watchers, Village and New York University lit'ry folk, political pollsters and activists, mothers with kids, kids with mothers—all seemed to be responding to some piece of the action. Rock music (by Galt MacDermot) for the bongo boys; lots of jive "business" for the hippie; crisply delivered monologues for the lit'ry; bits of Black Power references for the activist; Pop wardrobe for the mothers; and balloons and toy pistols for the kids.

Sets, stage, lighting and sound open out from, or are fed by, four flatbed trucks. These pack up and move to new locations, directly after each performance. About 800 folding chairs are made available. (They were filled and there were about 1,000 standees. All free, of course.) Joseph Papp hopes to raise enough money to take the *Hamlet* to Philadelphia, Newark, Washington and Baltimore, on the completion of its New York run. It's a bubbling natural for that long-hot-summer's night.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION

Today the California Revolution is entering a new phase. The population is growing, but with a difference. . . . The former self-consciousness is still evident but a spirit of self-criticism is emerging. The rapid extension of certain trends has begun to meet with resistance, and counter trends have been set in motion. It is not surprising that the first all-auto state . . . should also be the state which should stage the first successful freeway revolt. . . . Nor is it surprising, given some knowledge of the state's peculiar dynamics, that senseless inroads on the environment should have converted the old-style hiking, fishing, and mountain-climbing Sierra Club into a militant conservation organization—one of the toughest in the country. . . . The state that has had so much to do with the development of the initiative, referendum and recall has now begun to have second thoughts about these measures, once regarded as the indispensable tools of progressive government. . . . The cults still thrive, but they are more sophisticated. The quest for the amenities is more evident than ever, but critics have begun to raise embarrassing questions. . . . At the moment, political reaction has triumphed in California but, predictably, the pendulum will soon swing in the other direction.

From the introduction to *The California Revolution* by Carey McWilliams (Grossman). *The Nation*'s editor has collected and edited an exciting variety of articles dealing with the California scene, written by an acute group of critics and observers. A number of these essays originally appeared in *The Nation*.

TELEVISION

MAURINE CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Christopher is radio and television editor of Advertising Age.

Headlines in some newspapers recently indicated that the Federal Communications Commission—a regulatory body with little taste for regulating—had set forth a surprisingly strong policy on discrimination against Negroes in radio and television employment.

The commission had "warned" stations that they might lose their licenses if they showed bias in their hiring policies, and would regard charges of discrimination as grounds for looking into a station's community service record. They also warned that a licensee's refusal to hire Negroes would "immediately raise the question of whether he is consulting in good faith with Negro community leaders concerning programing to serve the area's needs."

What was generally overlooked was the ironic twist that this ruling came one week after the commission had given a three-year renewal to WLBT in Jackson, Miss., despite charges by local Negro leaders that the station was not acting in good faith to serve the needs of the black population.

The FCC, which has attended enough National Association of Broadcasters' conventions to realize fully how nonintegrated the radio-television business is, knows that its Jackson licensing decision, strongly protested by two of its most dedicated members, will carry more force with station owners than any words in a policy statement on hiring procedures.

Also lost in the fine print was the fact that the anti-bias action was further weakened by its limited applicability and its failure to come into play until someone goes to the trouble and expense of filing a complaint—a step well beyond the means and energy of the average taxpayer. What the FCC said in effect was that the employment provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act—banning discrimination for reasons of color, religion or sex by employers of 25 or more persons—applies to broadcasters. Did anybody doubt it? Certainly not the lawyers, who conducted lengthy hearings in New York some months ago on behalf of the

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Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the New York City Human Rights Commission. That federal law, while reaching about 80 per cent of the country's 650 TV stations, would cover only 10 per cent of its 6,500 radio outlets. Broadcaster witnesses at those New York hearings said that they did not have more nonwhites on their payrolls because "we can't find them." Leaving the initiative to the aggrieved was not what the EEO commission had in mind. This agency wanted the FCC's announcement on minority employment to include a provision specifying a "periodic proof of compliance" check of stations by the FCC.

Still pending is an FCC rule-making procedure extending the warning against discrimination to those stations not covered by the federal law. If the rule is made final, they, like the rest of the broadcasters, will be required to post a notice attesting to their open employment stance.

To compound the irony of the FCC announcement, the ruling—as well as the WLBT renewal—both followed complaints by the United Church of Christ. This group four years ago joined Dr. Aaron Henry and other Jackson civil rights leaders in protesting WLBT's "unbalanced" treatment of racial issues and lack of contact with the black population, 45 per cent of the station's potential audience. The complainants asked that the license be taken away from Lamar Life Insurance Co. because of the station's long-time record of "unbalanced promotion of segregationist views" and its failure to serve all the community. Some of their charges against WLBT were that the station had introduced network news with announcements such as: "What you are about to see is an example of biased, managed, Northern news"; that it had editorialized against the court-ordered admission of the first Negro to the University of Mississippi without allowing time for an opposition view; that there was not only a lack of Negroes on the station's staff but also not a "single local program on which Negroes could regularly participate." The original bill of particulars alleged that the general manager of the station was a member of the White Citizens' Council, who maintained a policy of denying "courtesy titles" of Mr., Miss and Mrs. to Negroes—although such "titles" were generally used for whites.

The FCC reacted to this lengthy complaint by granting WLBT a one-year license renewal without even a hearing to allow the local people to have their say. The United Church of Christ took its fight to court. In March, 1966, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington revoked the temporary license and ordered the commission to conduct a hearing on the matter. The hearings examiner and later the full commission, by a 5-to-2 vote, held that while the station's record was not one worthy of "emulation," the "intervenors failed to prove" many of the incidents cited. The three-year license renewal was granted on June 28 without strings.

The FCC's observations were particularly striking since the commission, when issuing a temporary license in 1965, had ordered WLBT to stop racial discrimination in its programing. The emphasis in the June order seemed to be not so much on what the station had done to remedy the situation—though the majority of the commission said there was some improvement—as on the point that the protesters hadn't "proved" many of their charges.

The United Church of Christ had hoped to use the case as a wedge to open more opportunities for Negroes on radio and TV in the South; but it is finding the action expensive, since the decision will be taken to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeal. "If the black population is to receive fair treatment from the TV industry, and if the public is not to be defeated in its right to correct harmful television practices, we must pursue our appeal," a spokesman for the church group said.

In their battle the Jackson Negroes will have the help of two of the FCC's most forceful commissioners, Kenneth A. Cox and Nicholas Johnson. Their 76-page dissent on the WLBT renewal accused their fellow commissioners of manipulating procedures in favor of the station and ignoring the facts to protect the Lamar Life Insurance Co., its licensee. They also charged that the majority had flaunted the court decision by glossing over the record and giving undue weight to the "probable future performance" of the station owner.

Commissioners Cox and Johnson considered it unfair to put the burden of proof on the Jackson Negroes and their friends. They expressed displeasure with a commission that "picks this moment to find 'the public interest' served by the renewal of a license for a station which had not only made no effort to include and serve Negroes but which has for a decade maintained blatantly racist programing policies." And they suggested that "The only way in which members of the public can prevent renewal of an unworthy station's license is to steal the document from the wall of the station's studio in the dead of night."

PUBLICATIONS

THE NEW NAZIS is a shocking informative report on the activities of neo-Nazis throughout the world. Each country and its Nazi groups are studies individually, many Nazi front groups are identified, and Nazi penetration into non-Nazi groups is exposed. The appendix gives addresses of anti-Nazi and neo-Nazi groups around the globe. **Send $1.00 or write for free list.**

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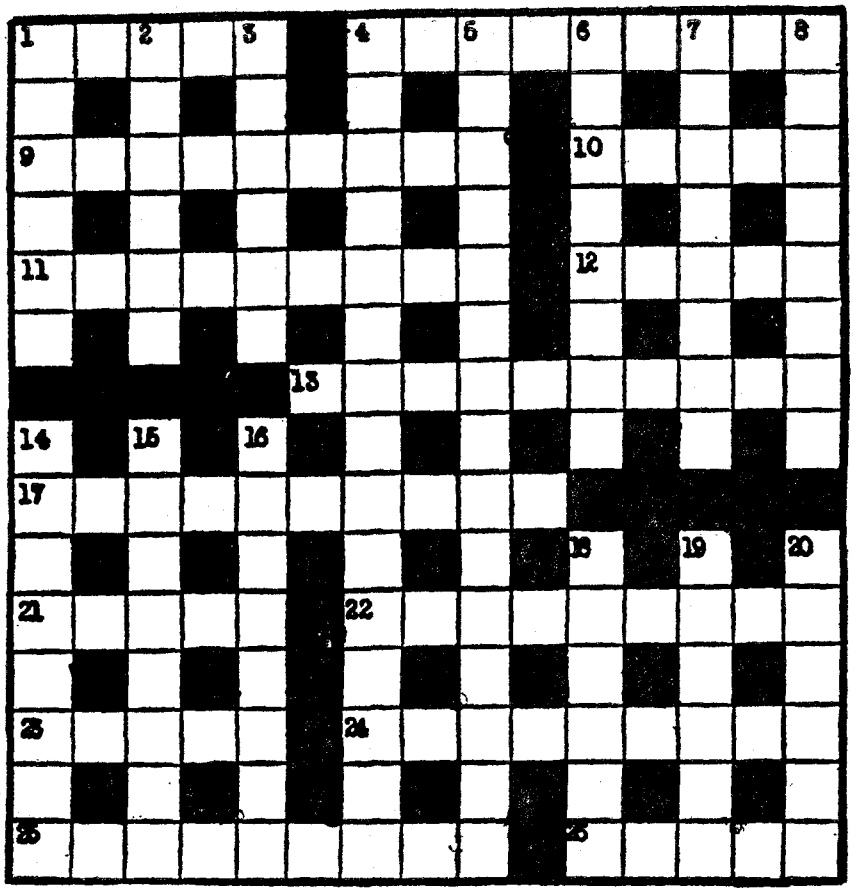
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Abdominal pain? Take an oil emulsion in a small amount of it. (5)
4 Both soldiers and civilians might be called upon to charge them. (9)
9 Are medals appropriate for Hugo's gipsy? (9)
10 Responsible for a literary quotation, old style? (5)
11 Bother! (9)
12 Order of columns. (5)
13 Release the old editor's family in Africa? They might be jumpy! (9)
17 Subject of Bentley's "clerihew" in which "the Third ought never to have occurred." (4, 6)
21 Such as 23, 24 and 9. (5)
22 Brook was shot, evidently, for the possible protection of those inside. (4, 5)
23 Rather common masculine counterpart of 24. (5)
24 Birds have a point in one of those feminine 21. (9)
25 Appropriates money, but not regularly.
26 For the Roman, was it a day or just an hour? (5)

DOWN:

1 Belief in a direct order? (6)
2 Stony ones cannot hold love out, according to Shakespeare. (6)
3 It might make the point more deadly.
4 Protection against so-called lead poisoning. (6-5, 4)
5 Migratory birds? They might help if you're looking for a lift! (9, 6)
6 Ranges in composition and form might show them in April. (8)
7 18, for example. (8)
8 Chinese custom of sneering, by the sound of it. (8)
14 Beauty is reputedly the sort to ooze about! (4-4)
15 "Thirty days hath September" is such a device. (8)
16 China is often cracked. (8)
18 Not a team aspiring to be an original-thinking type. (6)
19 Man is, I imagine, not quite! (6)
20 What my lady does in "The Spanish Student." (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1257

ACROSS: 9 Trousers; 10 Reason; 11 Balloon; 14 Ossian; 15 Absolute; 17 Freehand; 20 Casaba; 22 and 1 Balfour Declaration; 24 Blister; 26 Tenuto; 27 Air brake; 28 Thistledown. DOWN: 2 Eau Claire; 3 Lie down; 4, 20 down and 12 Rose-colored glasses; 5 Turtles; 6 Ovals; 7 Treats; 8 Moment; 13 Handy; 16 Last straw; 18 Reader; 19 Aqueous; 21 Breaks; 23 Flush; 25 Fall.

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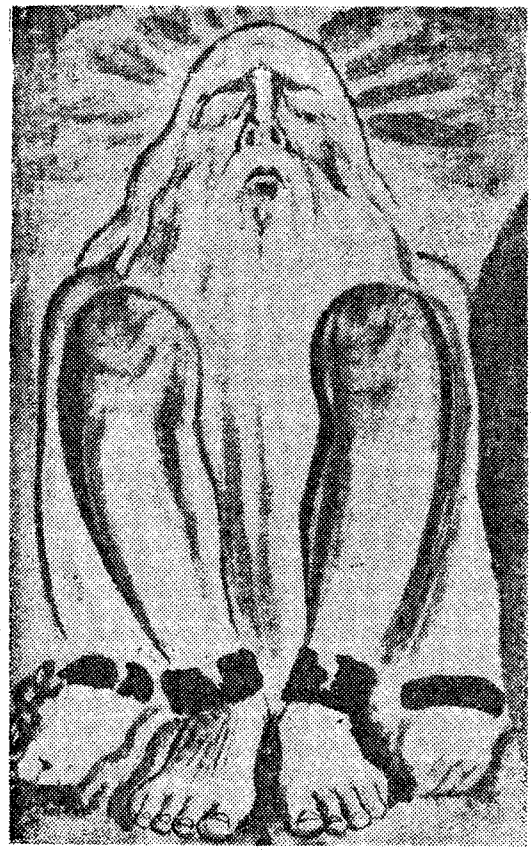

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